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Notes of the Week

WE deeply regret that the visit of the King and Queen to South Yorkshire should have been marred by the catastrophe at Cadeby Colliery. The existence of the colliery, situated just below Conisborough Castle—midway between Wentworth and Doncaster—has never commended itself to the artistic sense of those who would like in imagination to re-people the old castle which Ivanhoe has endeared to us, but it has been remarkable as a hive of human industry, and it is sad to think that on an occasion which should have been auspicious, mourning has usurped the position where rejoicing appeared to be firmly installed.

That which was obscure is now made manifest. Many of us did not know until Sunday last the secret of the cement which stuck Canada to the Empire and led to victory in the struggle for Imperial unity. The momentous decretal is now published to the world—"The situation was saved by the union of the *Observer* with the *Pall Mall Gazette*." In certain quarters it is apparent that "small matters win great commendation."

There is a rumour to the effect that a "High-speed Luncheon Syndicate" is to come, see, and conquer London—of course, from the United States. We do not object to the speeding-up of London's traffic, within

reason, but really we hardly see what benefits can come from the acceleration of the food-traffic, if we may so put it, in this desperate manner. After a year or two of bolted mid-day meals our sombre dreams picture a bent and irascible afternoon citizen, doing his business with weary eyes and corrugated brow, gradually reaching that sad stage when he is frightened at a sandwich, shudders at the sight of an omelette, and is ready to collapse at the mere thought of good roast beef; a citizen, in fact, enchained in dour bondage to the fiend of indigestion. A little later, no doubt, we shall achieve the tabloid stage of existence, when, with a nut-pellet for breakfast, a lozenge for lunch, a capsule for tea, and a headache for dinner, we shall drag our mournful days from a concentrated childhood to a pill-pervaded manhood, and an old age that (if it comes) will be as genial as cranks and chemists can make it. No; leave us our leisurely lunches and dinners, and we will undertake to be healthy, happy, and as wise as we can.

America, having standardised steel, lobsters, pork, and for all we know a good many other things, is now rather worried as to why somebody does not standardise the English language, both in its spelling and pronunciation. But why reduce a language, which is a living thing, ever fluent and subject to change, to the iron bonds of rule and regulation? We are antagonists to the "Nu Speling," it is true, and we would not hold to varieties of pronunciation so various as that which allows the young experimentalist to call Psyche "Fish," but danger of deliberate sacrifice of beauty lies in a desire for the perfectly inflexible word, the irrefragably rigid rule. The "American language" is English from its birth, curious though it may sometimes seem; but there are bound to be variations of speech among a people so extremely energetic in the manufacture of the word for the occasion—otherwise known as slang; and we may as well realise that fact at once, leaving them to their linguistic diversions, merely watching carefully that not too many of the impromptu variations take root on this side of the water.

The "Holiday Course for Foreigners," held in connection with the University of London, begins this year on July 15, and finishes on August 9, under the direction of Professor Walter Rippmann. We note that those who propose to attend this Course of Lectures are expected to have already acquired the English language to an extent that will enable them to take part intelligently and to join in the conversations upon the various topics. Professor W. H. Hudson will lecture on Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, and there will be attractive discourses on Historic London, on Architecture, and on other subjects of general interest suitable to the student from abroad. These gatherings have been of great use in the past as regards the appreciation of English life and affairs, and the removal of possible prejudices among those to whom our ways may be strange, and it is to be hoped that this season's meetings and classes will be well supported.

Child Joy

(After Blake's "Infant Joy.")

Sweet Joy,
Canst stand alone?
Born to a throne,
How soon art tumbled down!
A look, a frown,
Doth all thy pretty merriment destroy.

Love is thy nurse, sweet Joy;
She folds thee to her breast:
There, tears waste as the dew
When sunshine comes anew,
And thou dost rest;
But oh, sweet Joy, when thou art fully grown,
Sun, moon and stars shall bow before thy throne.

MAX PLOWMAN.

Schools and the Man

ABOUT thirty years ago, if we remember correctly, the question of "What shall we do with our Boys?" became acute, and was dealt with assiduously in volumes which varied from the "One Thousand Ways to Earn a Living" type to books written specifically to expound one particular method of self-support. The excitement in due course died down, and it was discovered that society stood in no need of drastic remodelling, but was merely slowly turning, planet-like, a fresh face to the new gravitational influences in process of development; that boys, in short, would solve the problem sooner or later in the usual way by becoming men with no less (if not much more) common-sense than their fathers.

During the last week we have been reading certain words by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, some wise and witty, some not so wise, but still witty, on "Father and Son," in a series of articles in the *Daily Mail*, which formulate what seems to be in many ways an aspect of the same problem. To him the lure of Oxford and Cambridge is a snare to the ambitious father. The boys go to the public school, and come home for the holidays to find everything, including their parents, "frightfully suburban"; they "slack about" envying people better off than themselves, shuddering at the word "office," and behaving generally as only unspeakable cads could behave. Proceeding to the University, they run into debt, and "return home, hungry, bored, supercilious, useless, unambitious, decorative persons, knowing only what collars to wear, and the exact shade of socks that are

right for the hour." We will not pursue their miserable fate, lest the uncalled-for tear should emerge from our mournful eyes. The father, on the other hand, is a kind of bogey-man, "a spoil-sport, a wet blanket, a drill-sergeant, a sort of plain-clothes policeman." We gather from Mr. Hamilton's pleasant arguments that most fathers should be prosecuted, and that most University men finish up by addressing envelopes, or selling evening papers at the entrance to Tube stations. And the schoolmasters, dealt with in the third article, appear as a rule to be graven images, vitalised into a spasmodic series of movements, victims of a deadly "system," unsympathetic automatons.

Naturally there is something seriously wrong with a tirade such as this, and we are driven to remember that the man who feels strongly nearly always over-argues his case, and consequently weakens it. Nothing in the world can take the place of a University education, and nothing can equal its value from a social point of view. Lessons are learned there which find a place in no stated curriculum; knowledge of how to hold one's own, knowledge in judging character that is invaluable; and if at times "sport" ousts Latin and Greek, are we not a nation of sportsmen? Let us not grudge the fine-framed youth his college "blue," nor forget that many a stroke and bow in the Boat Race has taken honours.

Into the gap, like a true sportsman, Mr. A. C. Benson has stepped; public school master for twenty years, and for eight years Fellow and Lecturer of Magdalene College, Cambridge, he speaks with a weight of authority that commands respect. And here we are compelled to note the significance of his admissions. He is all for a sounder instruction in French and German, with not so much sacrifice to the standard of classical culture. Reasonably enough, we think; for it is pathetic to realise that hundreds of men with a college education behind them are at a hopeless loss when they desire to chat to a friend of these neighbouring nations in his own tongue. With the raising of the level of the modern side, and a "liberal choice of alternatives," probably one-half of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's argument would be cut away. As it is, he seems to be extending the few special cases of failure which have no doubt come under his notice into generalisations which are of little use save as foundations for witty epigrams and sparkling satire; for which, of course, we are duly grateful, but which are far too sweeping to be of genuine service in an inquiry into the faults of our present educational system. His fourth article, "The Way Out," we await with keen anticipation; for if he writes as urgently upon any well-considered synthesis as he has done on his partially considered analysis, it will be an exceptionally important contribution to the discussion.

R.

The Dawn of Women's Influence in Germany

IN speaking of women's influence in a country one does not allude to the spiritual relations which may exist between mothers and their children, wives and their husbands individually. On those nearest to them women have exerted some such influence as long as humanity exists. It is different with the sway over the thought of important sections of a nation, or of the nation as a whole. In this respect we can distinguish between countries where women have comparatively early and often played a rôle in politics or literature, and others where only late and seldom women have been more than the guardians and embellishers of domestic life. To the latter sort of countries Germany must be reckoned. There were centuries when hardly a handful of women have in one way or the other made some mark in the life of the German nation. That great upheaval, the Reformation, tells of no woman as the inspirator of its fighters, and not before the seventeenth century had nearly passed do we meet in Germany a woman who can be compared to the grand, enlightened ladies of the French and Italian courts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Sophie Charlotte of Prussia, the friend of the great philosopher and polyhistor Leibnitz, remains for generations rather a solitary star on a dark sky. The first half of the eighteenth century produces in Louise Gottsched a woman of considerable gifts who contributed greatly in the literary education of the nation, and the period of the great German classical poets and thinkers exhibits a number of women who acted either as Egerias or as Cornelias on its representative geniuses. But their influence remained on the whole individual; there is very little of circles round one or some ladies of inspiring power; and the Weimar Court under the Duchess Amalia was more of a protector than an instigator of literary creation, most of its women mere receptive mediocrities.

But the reacting influence of the light focussed in Weimar and Jena, the seats of the German Olympians, together with the liberating spirit of the whole literature of the eighteenth century and the political movements, originated in England and France, against the traditional powers in State and Society, brought forward at the time of the coming of the new century a new type of educated and educating women—women to whom literature was not a mere means of feeding the spirits, but a conveyance of spur to social action on a wider scale. Of these new women Rahel Varnhagen-Levin was the most attractive, Caroline Schlegel-Boehmer the most erratic representative.

Their modernism had, however, little in common with political ambition. Some of these women took, on the contrary, a very moderate and only occasional interest in politics, whilst others would even on principle have kept outside of political movements at all. At a time when in Germany representative institutions were yet in vain striven after by men, the desire for political power could only play a very insignificant part in the heart of

the most courageous German thinkers of the other sex. If we look out for German women who in those days influenced palpably the politics of their country, we must seek them in the narrow circle of the crowned heads, that is to say, in spheres where the exceptional position made the exceptional activity possible, sometimes even a necessity. The general social position of women was much too inferior to allow of any direct participation in the guidance of the nation. The most pressing need for high-minded women was not political power, but social freedom. And, consciously or unconsciously, all the really notable German women of the beginning of the nineteenth century were fighters for the emancipation of their sex.

To express it in the words of an English writer who has just published a book* on the subject: "The minds of intellectual women were stirred, they became more conscious of themselves, more philosophic, more independent." Miss Mary Hargrave calls her book, "Some German Women and Their Salons," and devotes to each of the women she deals with a separate chapter. But her heroines belong, with one exception, to one and the same generation, and have, with another exception, lived under the spell of the same spiritual current taken up by them differently, according to their different temperaments and education.

The two exceptions are Elisabeth Goethe, the happy and cheerful mother of the great Jupiter of German literature, and Queen Luise of Prussia, the ingenuous wife of one of the most philistine kings of his time. The inclusion of Goethe's mother is easily to be defended. If she was not of the stuff the Rahels and the Bettinas were made of she was at least connected with them through the medium of her son, in whom they all recognised their foremost teacher. Besides, she was in her ways as enlightened and liberal-minded as the wife of a patrician of the proud city of Frankfort could have been. As regards views of life she could be called one of the progenitors of the Rahels, if not the Caroline Schlegels.

It is quite different with Queen Luise. Apart from that she was a contemporary and a member of their sex, she had very little in common with these female intellectuals, and her influence on the thought of her time was nil. She enthused people through her misfortune as a queen and a certain amount of bravery, but neither was she in fact the centre of a salon, nor was she spiritually important enough to be capable of forming one. There were many women of the time more entitled to rank with the other heroines of the book than this royal *ingénue*. Her inclusion by Miss Hargrave is a concession to shallowness if not snobbishness that can only be regretted.

Otherwise the book has its merits. It is based on the study of a number of the best German works on the subject, and is written in very pleasant easy style. It is not a scientific work. The basic economical, political

* *Some German Women and Their Salons*. By MARY HARGRAVE. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

and spiritual conditions of German life at the beginning of the nineteenth century are only superficially touched, the environment of the described forerunners of the leading modern women is not sufficiently brought home to the reader to make him fully appreciate their value. The two remarkable Jewesses, Rahel Lewin and Henriette Herz, were as much Berlin growth as they were daughters of a race longing for political emancipation, and he will consequently only understand them half who is not well informed on the spirit of middle-class Berlin at the time of their mental development. Such exceedingly informing books as Ludwig Geiger's history of the intellectual life of the Prussian capital seem to have escaped Miss Hargrave's knowledge. But amongst her authorities are writers of renown to whom those sources were known, and thus the reader is by incident given glimpses into that life on which the Rahels and Henriettas grew and which made their salons possible.

It was a time of religious and ethical scepticism, mixed, in the better minds, with a longing for a new moral world and new gods. Berlin was in a high degree a town of unbelievers. But with the mass of the latter doubt was here not the impulse for the search of new truths, but the father of shallow nihilistic cynicism, which made Bettina von Arnim, that woman with the heart of a child and the enthusiasm of a believing soul, cry out one day: "In Berlin wird Alles ruppig"—(In Berlin everything becomes coarse). A bit of the negating spirit of the Berliners one notices also in Rahel, but turned to better account by her warmth of feeling, her belief in evolution and her deep interest in social and political reform. When she boasts, "I kill pedantism (it is not quite to be seen why Miss Hargrave translates *pedanterie* "priggishness") thirty miles round me," we hear through it something of the wanton Berlin mind. On the other hand, one believes to hear one of the advanced ethical revolutionists of our day when one reads words like: "I have never regretted anything which I did gladly, only and always what I did reluctantly." And how much judgment is revealed in the sentence: "For me, the difference between people lies in their manner of asking questions; they all answer in the same way!"

Rahel was certainly in breadth of conception, sense of proportion and personal charm the most fascinating of the women presented by Miss Hargrave. But remarkable, interesting women they all have been. And all, Queen Luise not excepted, compare very favourably with their husbands. If they were their inferiors in learning they surpassed them in mental solidity. They were not all as Charlotte Stieglitz, who could not stand her husband's mental inactivity and committed suicide in order to set his mind free for creative work; but they shared this sentiment for spiritual activity. As far as they were connected with Romanticism, they represented its better side, its fight against conventionalism, strictness and nihilistic scepticism. They are worth knowing, and if Miss Hargrave has missed some notes about their time, she has succeeded in giving a vivid picture of their personalities and the kind of eminent

people they knew how to attract and influence. This well-printed and finely illustrated book is throughout very readable.

Berlin, July 2.

ED. BERNSTEIN
(Member of the Reichstag).

The Black and the White of "Butterfly."*

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

OF the heavy literature springing up about the erratic genius of Whistler this, at least, is one of the volumes that cannot be ignored—it will be a necessary part of the evidence for every collector concerning that gay, bitter, fantastic soul. And "Butterfly" has won into the minds of literary folk as much as into the homage of painters. The overweening conceit of the man set up before the public view a whimsical dandified figure behind which he screened whatsoever was noble and lovable at the real core of him; and no man bore more false witness against whatever may have been of lofty quality in him than did James McNeill Whistler—and all, fantastically and pathetically enough, with the idea that he was setting up the devil of a fine fellow before the eyes of the world! He baffled his friends as he baffled his enemies. Friendship with Whistler ever meant bitter enmity in the end. I have known men read morning prayers who gave tongue to the miserable sentiment that "a man should always treat his best friend as though, one day, he might become his enemy." The text had a wide vogue with Whistler's generation, and was, likely enough, a text of his boyhood. Be it so or not, he lived his life to the bitter refrain; and a sorry adventure it must have been, if we may judge by what we read between the lines of his own testimony, supported by the witness of the wreckage of broken friendships that lay thick as seaweed in the Sargasso Sea along the wake of his voyaging from youth to lonely old age.

This book sets out with the intention of paying homage to the ardent craftsman; but here, too, we have the testimony to his pettiness of mind. Always that bitter in the cup! It is so utterly unlike most books that essay to show Whistler the hero or tomfool, the wasp or the wit, the enigma or the fop, that it carries a compelling conviction from its very restraint. It is the solemn unhumorous tribute—if so unemotional an attitude can be called tribute—of a plain man, who, seeing

* *Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist.* By THOMAS R. WAY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

with grey eyes, honest and sincere, but grey, writes without coloured ink of this prince of posers. That so inventive and imaginative a nature as that of Whistler should have the scantiest appeal to one who scarcely ever betrays the imaginative sense may seem a quaint paradox; yet the very interest of this volume lies in the fact of the writer's plain honest mind. Hence there rises before us—what is most convincing—the slow building and creation of the pose of the eventual Whistler. At first the pose is tentative, feels its way. It set and hardened probably earlier than the writer realised; but the signs and proofs of its slow emergence are abundantly evidenced by the simple grey eyes of his biographer. The writer is never carried away with wild enthusiasms either for or against the acts of Whistler—he baldly states the acts that were perpetrated before his eyes, and gives his opinion concerning them without a shade of bias. Conviction ensues. One doubts, 'tis true, whether the writer be largely enough gifted to estimate the genius of the man, but as he rarely attempts it, and sticks to his last (the estimate of Whistler as lithographer), he does not put himself upon trial.

It fell to my lot to write a swift impression of "Butterfly" and his achievement in the few days that passed between his falling into his long sleep and the progress of all that remained of his mortal being to the grave. That impression was written by a fellow-craftsman in art and letters, who met him but rarely, and then only when the mocking figure had been set up, behind which he hid what gentle and tender humanity there may have been in the real man. Fawned upon by many whom it benefited to fawn upon him, but whom the keen wits of the man likely enough despised even whilst he strutted in their adulation, he was probably as little understood by them as aforesaid he had been misunderstood by such as stoned him. It was natural that I should see him as the complete Whistler—yet perhaps I understood him the better for standing at focal distance from him—he said that I did—maybe his very witness proved that I did not. But whether so or not, this volume reveals to me a Whistler in the making that I guessed at, but did not wholly know. Still, I wonder if the writer saw quite round about the Whistler in the making. I doubt it. But of one thing he convinces me—the Whistler that he did see, so far as he could see, is recorded with a truthful sincerity, if it be somewhat the mere outside of the man. It reveals a Whistler moving, like the bishop, slowly into his oblique place upon the chessboard of his fantastic adventure as a man—and it lifts the veil from Whistler the craftsman and shows his untiring and dogged search after exquisite craftsmanship. When all's said, this is what the writer alone set out to do; and that he achieves his object no one can deny.

Undowered with the artistic gift of words—Mr. Way even adds "as it were" after a simile—therefore driven back upon a simple narrative statement, our author records his testimony with the plain, straightforward, passionless witness of a man upon his oath, careful of

praise or blame, solemnly unbiassed. By consequence, what is lacking in fire at least is not lacking in convincingness. Mr. Way realises that "what the soldier said is not evidence"—always there is that sense of the plain honest man in the witness-box. And with every desire to give Whistler homage, the evidence proves the black in the "Butterfly" to have been as paltry and contemptible as the white of his high craftsmanship was pure and unspotted. It was not the blackness of a tragic grandeur, but the paltry blackness of a petty intention. The writer and his father, two of the most consummate craftsmen in lithographic printing in Whistler's generation, who both yielded up the secrets and mysteries of their craft to him which they had been wholly justified in using to their own sole advantage, who both toiled and moiled for him and served with loyal unselfishness, who both gave fully and freely of their unique experience, without which "Butterfly" must have wrought on stone at handicap, to both of whom he owed a prodigious debt of good-fellowship as well as craftsmanship—even these men Whistler treated with high-handed conceit and treacherous guile when he found that he could gain profit in gold by the betrayal! Even this man, who served him so well, was chided for giving his knowledge of craftsmanship to other artists! Even he cannot rid Whistler's life from the shabby stain that "Butterfly" had as mean a soul as was ever granted to great gifts. The writer's father, who had bought in Whistler's mutilated portraits at "Butterfly's" bankruptcy, with other paintings, and had given those portraits freely back to him in the after years, was to know the base commercial ruthlessness of this man who was wont to sneer at commercialism in art, when, having become famous, and America being suddenly grown passionately desirous of securing his work, "Butterfly" tried to jockey his old and loyal friends out of their pictures that he might sell them again to the rich across the seas who had left him to neglect in the years of his fierce struggle for fame. Whistler's wayfaring was littered with friendships broken for an epigram; but as shabby an act as any of which he was guilty was the dishonest intention that made him discard the Ways, father and son.

So much for the black. As regards the white of "Butterfly's" wings. Whistler was a purist in craftsmanship to a pitch that came near to that womanishness which formed so essential a part of his character. Of this purism Mr. Way seems to hold a higher opinion than I do; for he naturally judges an artist as a craftsman before all, whereas I judge an artist as artist before all. But granting, for argument's sake, the value of purism in craftsmanship as of first importance, even here "Butterfly" is not wholly above suspicion. To employ pastel over water-colour is about as bastard purism as could well-nigh be achieved. But more than this; if Whistler found a large etching to be beyond his range, he at once laid down a law that a large etching was bastard art. There is no limit whatever to art; and the fact that a large etching is or is not art is wholly dependent on the fact whether an artist has the genius

to create art on a large plate. And genius has done it. Much of what is written upon Whistler's etching is the veriest academic drivel. Whistler in lithography, in my opinion, which agrees in this with that of Mr. Way, reached as high achievement as in his etchings. But the critical cant that has arisen about his lithographs is as exaggerative as about most of his achievement. Whistler has been far out-distanced in lithography by Steinlen and others, to whom the critics give scant tribute.

Mr. Way obviously does not realise that Whistler, in every single advance in his achievement, was deeply indebted to others. His visit to Valparaiso did not discover the Japanese intention to him; it was discovered to him in Paris—was part of a wide movement. Whistler did not discover Velazquez; he was the disciple of Manet, and to Manet he owed most of all that was best in him; but he kept his mouth discreetly shut upon Manet's influence, as he did on most of his indebtedness. Whistler was wont to sneer at prettiness in art; but his etchings and lithographs often hold a threat of prettiness. His greatness lay in his exquisite sense of colour; never in his draughtmanship, which was always his weakness. He was essentially a great mass-impressionist in the school of Manet. And the most interesting pages in this valuable testimony to his habits of craftsmanship are those in which we see him at work holding his long yard-length brushes by the extreme end, and painting the brush-strokes upon his portraits at arm's length added thereto, just as Gainsborough did before him, and as Velazquez is said to have done.

Mr. Way adds to the value of his volume with (amongst other treasure) a fine reproduction of the delightful first lithograph made by Whistler—his favourite model, Miss Maude Franklin. Only once does the writer strain our credulity, when he tells us that he cannot see Whistler's influence in the works of Mr. Greaves. There is a good and characteristic touch of Whistler in the story of the hat—Whistler, being in a sorry state of want and shabbiness in Venice, had torn his battered soft hat, and on finding it secretly stitched up by a friend, he ripped the stitches out with: "A darn is premeditated poverty, but a tear is the accident of a moment"! Give a man a reputation for wit, and the world guffaws every time he opens his mouth. Mr. Way brings crumbling to the ground the witty intention of the printer's error in the title for the catalogue of the pictures "kindly lent their owners." It was the printer's unintentional waggery, and annoyed Whistler.

Whistler mastered the craftsmanship of every art that he essayed; and in writing his "Ten o'Clock" he laboured the words until he bent them to exquisite rhythm; but that famous address was about as vile and false teaching of art as was ever written, the which Mr. Way seems never to have realised, lulled to nodding by the exquisite employment of its prose. No more false estimate of Art, no more incompetent statement of its aim, its essence, or its significance was ever so beautifully gemmed to bedazzle and thereby to cast a blight upon creative endeavour in the studios of youth.

REVIEWS

The Art of Play-making

Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By WILLIAM ARCHER. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE literary aspirant, at some time or another, is strongly advised to write a play. It may be that he accepts the proffered advice, and after much labour produces a tragedy or a comedy, and sends it round to the various theatrical managers. After a few months associated with registration, sealing-wax, and postmen's knocks, the novice is painfully aware of the fact that Sir Herbert Tree's opinion does not, after all, tally with his own—in short, that his play is chiefly remarkable for its boomerang qualities. Having suffered defeat, he may rail against the deplorable state of the English drama, and ascribe the total lack of royalties to the fact that we live in a democratic age. But if the literary aspirant really possesses the dramatic gift, there is no need for him to bemoan his fate, for it is to such an one that Mr. William Archer comes to the rescue with a helping hand.

Mr. Archer is one of our leading dramatic critics, and from his rich experience in regard to the merits and faults of innumerable plays he is able to extract material of much value to the would-be playwright, and, be it observed, the playgoer should derive considerable benefit from these pages, too. If it is true that we live in a democratic age, it is equally true that we also live in an age when every profession and business has its expert instructor, who, with much claptrap and much noisy and flamboyant advertisement, asserts his ability to cram his client with the cream of specialised knowledge, and to lead his terribly credulous patron through a short cut to fame and fortune. Mr. Archer makes no such absurd promise in this excellent book, for he is the first to recognise that success in any direction depends on competence, combined with any amount of hard work. The book before us does not supply ready-made plots for plays. Its value lies in the fact that it shows the playwright how to make the best use of his material by observing the canons of dramatic art and by noting the value of form and construction. Mr. Archer writes:—

One thing is certain, and must be emphasised from the outset; namely, that if any part of the dramatist's art can be taught, it is only a comparatively mechanical and formal part—the art of construction. One may learn how to tell a story in a good dramatic form; how to develop and marshal it in such a way as best to seize and retain the interest of a theatrical audience. But no teaching or study can enable a man to choose or invent a good story, and much less to do that which alone lends dignity to dramatic storytelling—to observe and portray human character.

"A play," writes Mr. Archer, "is a more or less rapidly developing crisis in destiny or circumstance, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, clearly

furthering the ultimate event. The drama may be called the art of crises, as fiction is the art of gradual developments. It is the slowness of its processes which differentiates the typical novel from the typical play." Later on Mr. Archer observes that "the playwright should not let himself be constrained by custom to force his theme into the arbitrary mould of a stated number of acts. Three acts is a good number, four acts a good number; there is no positive objection to five acts. Should he find himself hankering after more acts, he would do well to consider whether he be not, at one point or another, failing in the art of condensation and trespassing on the domain of the novelist."

Mr. Archer has analysed and shown us the construction and craftsmanship of various famous plays, and most especially those of Shakespeare and Ibsen, in order that we may observe the points he wishes to demonstrate. The number of references to Ibsen exceeded those referring to Shakespeare. It is a pity that Ibsen in this country is "something of a coterie-poet," for this regrettable fact is apt to mitigate against the value of his plays to the general reader, to say nothing of the lessons the would-be playwright is invited to draw from them. But the idea of laying special emphasis on two great dramatists is excellent because it makes for unity of purpose and design. Mr. Archer, however, is very far from inferring that Shakespeare and Ibsen alone can reveal all the niceties of play-making. They cannot, and their craftsmanship is supplemented by the craftsmanship of Pinero, Sardou, Maeterlinck, Henry Arthur Jones, Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and numerous other well-known playwrights. The whole gamut of the dramatic art is revealed in a number of poignant illustrations that cannot fail to benefit those who are sane enough to realise that their plays have failed principally because they did not pay sufficient attention to form and construction. We are shown the intricate machinery associated with play-making, and little by little, step by step, we are made to appreciate the value of the various parts. Mr. Archer discourses on the subject of choosing a theme, the routine of composition, *pro* and *con* the use of scenarios, the dramatis personæ, the point of attack (in no way associated with villains), tension and its suspension, the full close, character and psychology, etc.

Most of us have experienced in the theatre a good deal of annoyance from that objectionable individual the late comer, and we are sorry that Mr. Archer has pointed out in this book that the average play really lends itself to this trying delinquent by failing to attract vital interest till ten minutes after the rise of the curtain. We have sometimes been so utterly crushed and battered by a late comer as to render the play unenjoyable even in the second or third act, when wit abounds or when virtue triumphs over the villain's misdeeds. Mr. Archer writes:—

So long as the fashion of late dinners continues it must remain a measure of prudence to let nothing absolutely essential to the comprehension of a play be

said or done during the first ten minutes after the rise of the curtain. Here "A Doll's House" may be cited as a model, though Ibsen, certainly, had no thought of the British dinner-hour in planning the play. The opening scene is just what the ideal opening scene ought to be—invaluable, yet not indispensable. The late-comer who misses it deprives himself of a preliminary glimpse into the characters of Nora and Helmer and the relation between them; but he misses nothing that is absolutely essential to his comprehension of the play as a whole. This, then, would appear to be a sound maxim both of art and prudence; let your first ten minutes by all means be crisp, arresting, stimulating, but do not let them embody any absolutely vital matter, ignorance of which would leave the spectator in the dark as to the general design and purport of the play.

In the chapter entitled "Dramatic and Undramatic," Mr. Archer gives an amusing example of what he aptly calls a "mere picture-poster situation":—

There is a drama—I have myself seen it—in which the heroine, fleeing from the villain, is stopped by a yawning chasm. The pursuer is at her heels, and it seems as though she has no resource but to hurl herself into the abyss. But she is accompanied by three Indian servants, who happen, by the mercy of Providence, to be accomplished acrobats. The second climbs on the shoulders of the first, the third on the shoulders of the second; and then the whole trio falls forward across the chasm, the top one grasping some bush or creeper on the other side; so that a living bridge is formed, on which the heroine (herself, it would seem, something of an acrobat) can cross the dizzy gulf and bid defiance to the baffled villain.

Mr. Archer, however, does not concern himself very much with pointing out the follies of crude melodrama, for he is chiefly concerned with examining those plays that have contributed to literature. His quiet enthusiasm for the best traditions of the English stage gives a freshness and interest to his careful work. Mr. Archer admits quite candidly that he has been unable to write a play himself, but his very inability to do so has enabled him to appreciate the many difficulties that beset the path of the playwright. In this volume, so lucidly written and so well arranged, he has certainly succeeded in revealing the mechanism of a host of plays. The literary aspirant, so pathetically referred to in the commencement of this review, would do well to take out his pigeon-holed manuscript and furbish it up again in the light of one who knows all that is to be known in the art of play-making. It is to be hoped that, after revision, due to the guiding hand of Mr. Archer, he may have the good fortune to get his play accepted, for then, like Richard Plantagenet, he will be able to exclaim:—

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer . . .

The Wayside of Philosophy

From the Forest. By W. SCOTT PALMER.
Vagrom Men. By ALFRED T. STORY. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.)

IT is not easy, after a little while, to distinguish Mr. Story from Mr. Palmer, or either of them from the author of "The Roadmender." Doubtless the covers of their books have something to do with the resemblance, but they have other things in common, above all, a tranquil and retiring geniality, and a love of the little, the humble, the unworldly and the other-worldly. When Mr. Palmer thinks of people at the seaside

Strolling beneath the so-called Panama,
Beside the so-called sea,

he regrets that he does not know them, but does not conceal the fact that "as to real sympathetic understanding they might be passing callers from another planet." We conclude that he knows only the real Panama, and the real sea. Elsewhere he tells us that with two guineas he could feed himself for a fortnight and "moderately tip a moderate butler." He has also said that he is old and frail, and not confident of lasting long enough to see that time—"when we all wash both much and often and have fresh clothes at our command"—which would enable him to live with all sorts of men as brothers. He sits by the wayside of philosophy and rejoices at the beginning of a new age, for "the centre of gravity in thought has shifted from matter to spirit"; rejoices, too, at a copse in May "that Fra Angelico might have noted as a pattern for his floor in Paradise"; rejoices in an uncommon character such as the poor neighbour who reads Morning Prayer to his infirm parents and later "celebrates his sacrament by spending a good part of Sunday afternoon carrying water for an old woman near by, and doing odds and ends about her cottage." Last summer was too hot for him even at Ashdown Forest; nevertheless he wrote his little essays, reflecting on the "plagues of Egypt" let loose in the slums by heat, and enjoying what he terms "the susurrus of a multitude of little birds" at day-break. Among other things that he enjoys are the poems of Father Tabb and the plays of John M. Synge. He does not always or very powerfully communicate his enjoyment, and, though he uses a professedly rambling and comfortable form, strikes us as being by no means one who "pipes but as the linnet sings." In brief, he has the current essayist's manner and plenty of delicacy and restraint, but little that is purely his own either in his matter or his arrangement of it. For those who regret that "The Roadmender" is no longer than it is, however, "From the Forest" will be a Godsend.

Mr. Story is not so old and frail and comfortable, nor has he such a love of soap as to keep out of almshouses and inns. "The Almshouse" is a characteristic collection of odd characters, "Ambrose L—," and so on. One of the inmates is named St. Crispin, and calls the almshouse "my little place, earned by a life of toil and quiet neighbourliness. There I live till I die, if God

spares me." What will happen if he is not spared is not quite clear. But no matter. The slip, if such it be, is due to the fact that Mr. Story's writing is a little removed from life. We mean that he might well have made it all up. He describes a worthy couple going to see a decayed gentleman at the workhouse, and this is the opening sentence: "Donning their best clothes, therefore, and taking with them a pigeon-pie which Mrs. Poul, a heaven-made cook, had specially concocted for his tooth, they paid him a ceremonial visit." Well, a certain unreality prevails over all Mr. Story's grace and care. That he has grace and care no one will deny, but he runs great risks, with such sentences as:

Herein we have the simple of simples—the secret of which, when once appropriated, lasts in one like the scent of woodruffs in your clothes-press, sweetening and nourishing the dim apogees of life and filling them with swathes of freshness, as of lenten bird-songs and the country green. . . .

This leads him on to a rhetorical regret that "we moderns" have lost the "primal secret" of the open air. The youth of the age, he says elsewhere, is being ruined by "council schools, Carnegie novel dispensaries, and the like"—he recommends the "old books," but with the less force that he is unable to persuade us that he knows either the new books or their readers. The people he knows are such as St. Crispin, and the beggar who jumped out of his skin with delight at the thought: "Pay off your score by making the world more beautiful wherever you can," and did so by sowing seeds here and there, after the manner of one of Mr. Hewlett's heroes, among others. He—or his father—compares an old gentleman's smile and the tear escaping from beneath it to "an April sunbeam that laughs on the edge of a shower." Those who like the signs of grace and care will be continually delighted by Mr. Story: those who do not will not think them wasted, but will look forward to seeing them more fitly employed than in these decorations, where Mr. Story has already reached a kind of perfection.

The New Imperialism

The True Temper of Empire. By SIR CHARLES BRUCE, G.C.M.G. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THE greater part of what Sir Charles Bruce writes is concerned with different aspects of this dogma, which we take from the first essay in this volume:—

The new Imperialism is dominated by two main ideas, closer union with the Dominions in the temperate zones and the economic interdependence of the Dominions with the tropical Crown Colonies and India. The international struggle for the control of the tropics has brought home to us that no aggregate of nations in temperate zones can constitute a self-sufficing and self-contained Empire.

It is natural for a man who has governed several

Crown Colonies to lay great emphasis on the tropics, on their products and their natives, and on the many problems to which they give rise. If the effect of most of these essays is to suggest that the really pressing questions of our time for Englishmen are those concerned with the treatment of various sorts of native peoples in various parts of the world, this effect is probably intended. At the same time the fact that the Imperialist propaganda has more or less hung fire during the last half-dozen years or so, and that racial questions have been overshadowed by the need for settling the relations of the "masses and classes" at home, indicates in our opinion that this is a period of social and constitutional rather than racial difficulties. This is not to say that Sir Charles Bruce ought to have written about strikes, for a man must write of what he understands best, but we think he has tended to ignore home affairs too much. He has not pointed out for one thing that a consistent Imperialist policy can only be the result of a strong Imperialist feeling in England. As a matter of ordinary observation the mass of the population of England just now seems to care very little what happens in the Transvaal, say, for the labouring classes have revolted, and until their revolt is settled one way or another Imperialism is rather a side-issue.

Sir Charles Bruce is a very sound writer, and one who is not afraid of being dull. His reasoning is always lucid and his language has a suave, official restraint about it. He quotes as his authorities either documents or honoured names to which all men bow, and, of course, his own experience of the art of governing and the meaning of Empire goes without saying. His statements on general subjects are not always unimpeachable perhaps. It is hardly correct to say that the great empires of antiquity were "displaced by inferior races revolting against the methods by which the claim of superiority (on the part of the governing race) was enforced" (p. 58), since the inferior races revolted in vain as long as the ruling races were not drugged with pride and enervated with luxury; and the successful revolts commonly took place when the methods of enforcing the claim of superiority were of the mildest.

Rome, for instance, did not fall by mismanaging her dependents, but by mismanaging her home affairs, and it is likely that all empires that fall will fall for the same reason. It is precisely for this reason that we think Sir Charles Bruce's message is robbed of a good deal of its force by taking too little account of our own home affairs. We wonder, also, what he means by lamenting on p. 74 that "in 1908 the Imperial Parliament, by the Union of South Africa Act, abandoned" the modern conscience and its attitude to the subject races, and then saying, on p. 100, that "King Edward lived to see the crowning glory of the Union of Africa." The three best essays in the book are those on "The Modern Conscience," a fine broad account of the gradual change of civilised man's attitude to his political dependents; on the British Indians in the Transvaal, a determined indictment of recent British policy; and "Ireland's Place

in the British Empire," in which Sir Charles Bruce proclaims himself a non-party man by advocating as the solution of the Home Rule difficulty some measure which should create in Dublin an assembly having the same relations to the Imperial Parliament as the provincial Legislatures of Canada have to the Dominion Parliament.

A Plea for Palmistry

Cheiro's Memoirs: The Reminiscences of a Society Palmist. Illustrated. (William Rider and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHATEVER may be the feelings with which the story of "Cheiro's Memoirs" is received—whether it be looked upon as the revelations of a prophet, or merely as the vapourings of a charlatan—it is certain that the author himself has no doubt whatsoever as to the power he conceives to be in him. And the pleading he puts forward is not without a certain amount of justification. To succeed in any profession, he says, a man must have "the necessary temperament, the patience to study for years, and the courage to withstand the thousand and one disappointments that assail him on every side." If this maxim applies to the artist, he continues, why should it not equally apply to the students of human nature? Those who are not able to follow "Cheiro" to the utmost extent of his teaching will at least be able to allow that there is a great deal to be said for the statement that as a general rule the shape of the hands betray something of the character of their possessor. This is always taken into account by the palmist when he goes further and studies the extent of the lines on the palm of the hand. It has been pointed out that a criminal must be exceedingly well versed in crime in order that the movements of his hands do not betray him when he is at last brought to justice. A man can control the muscles of his face far easier than he can force his hands to remain absolutely immovable. Those of us who have attended amateur theatrical performances cannot have failed to notice the great air of uncertainty that always hovers over the amateur actor or actress as to what shall be done with those extremities which are used by a professional with so much skill, and add so greatly to the realisation of the play.

If, then, in cases of excitement or great mental strain the hands play such an important part, and it is recognised by the most talented actors and actresses that they must be used rightly and so help to betray the emotions, it naturally follows that excitement or strain must leave its marks on the hands, and as the average person's life is a series of events through each of which he passes with the same thoughts and ideas animating him—unless or until a crisis is reached, when his original principles may be diverted or reversed—the marks and lines on the hands naturally extend or deepen, and it is not difficult for a person who studies and is well versed in the art to determine the chief characteristics of the person whose hands are placed for examination. When

it comes to foretelling events that are to happen in the future, however, it is an entirely different affair, and it is then a case not of coming events casting their shadow, but their lines, before them.

Cheiro pleads "that there is a natural position on the face for the nose, eyes, lips, etc., so also on the hand it was seen that there was a natural position for what became known as the Line of Head, Line of Life, and so on," but the position of one's nose, eyes, lips, etc., are not as a rule considered to determine what one's lucky number will be or the particular date upon which an important event will happen, and this Cheiro claims to do after studying closely the hands of an individual.

The author is anxious that the study of palmistry should become much more general, and is of opinion that when developed into a science it would be most valuable in foreseeing tendencies towards insanity, etc. Like all modern pioneers, he imagines that prejudice alone stands in the way of the adoption of his ideas. It is not always prejudice that hinders all modern movements meeting with success. There are people who well weigh and consider things before giving their judgment, and even if in their own individual case they would be perfectly willing to adopt this or that particular innovation, yet for the good of the community at large they refrain from doing so, believing that it is best for the majority to be temperate in all things and not to rush pell-mell into untried reforms on the recommendation of over-zealous and deeply earnest partisans.

During his career Cheiro has met and "read the hands" of some of the greatest in the land, and has been of great service to many of his poorer brethren.

The book is deeply interesting and well written. There is no wearisome insistence with regard to the author's notions. He is an artist who knows how to handle delicately his materials and not to spoil his picture with clumsy or revolting representations.

The Land of the Kaiser

Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Five Lectures by J. H. ROSE, C. H. HERFORD, E. C. K. GONNER, and M. E. SADLER. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN these days of constantly increasing national rivalry between ourselves and our German friends, it goes without saying that it cannot fail to benefit us as a nation to study the main factors in that progressive development which has rendered the future of Germany a matter of such vital interest to us. "German and British education have much to gain from a closer understanding," we read in the essay upon the history of education: we would fain add, "and German and British politics and economics still more." For ourselves, we are confident that, did we pay a little more heed to historians and a little less to politicians, we should not be quite so apt to be swept off our feet by the vapourings of scare-mongers. From this point of view we accord a very ready welcome to this, the thir-

teenth volume of the historical series published by the University of Manchester.

The work starts with an admirable summary of the contents. With regard to the individual essays, "The Economic History" is a model of lucidity. With Dr. J. Holland Rose, the author of "The Political History," the only serious fault which we have to find is his somewhat excessive indulgence in metaphor. "Napoleon the fiscal experimenter ruined Napoleon the new Charlemagne" cheek by jowl with "The symbol of the Hohenzollerns should be the phoenix, for in the death agonies that followed they found new life," is almost too rich fare for digestion at a single meal. We should like to have seen it pointed out, in justice to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, that, when she "objected to the pro-Danish proposals of Palmerston" in 1864, she did so for the lasting good of her country. The resulting "discredit to Great Britain" was as nothing compared with the discredit which would have befallen her had the Minister overruled the Sovereign. Upon the other hand, the author hastens to do justice to the memory of Bismarck by giving that significant parenthesis which, as he points out, is generally omitted, to the destruction of the meaning, "It is not by speechifying and majorities that the great questions of the time will have to be decided—that was the mistake in 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron!"

The essay upon "The Intellectual and Literary History" naturally consists largely of generalities, such as, "If Buckle was excessively preoccupied with man as he eats and drinks, Burckhardt, far more just to all the constituents of civilisation, yet made it turn essentially upon what he thinks and feels." Apothegms of that nature are, no doubt, palatable to one who happens to be familiar with both Buckle and Burckhardt. But the author of this essay has certainly succeeded in bringing home to us the German "union of consummate mastery of the facts with brilliant power of co-ordinating them," and that "indomitable personality of the primitive Teuton," which is the chief factor of the progress here depicted. In all these essays we see clearly the effects of State control, of the ever-present agrarian elements, of Germany's late arrival in the markets of the world, and of her struggles to overcome her lack of capital. Those who have any desire to learn something of our friends' national evolution would do well to expend the modest sum of half-a-crown upon this volume.

Shorter Reviews

Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture. By ARTHUR HAYDEN. With a Chapter on Old English Chintzes by HUGH PHILLIPS. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

THE above volume is the latest addition to Mr. Unwin's "Chats" series, so appreciated by collectors and all lovers of the antique, bric-à-brac, etc. Mr. Arthur Hayden is a well-known authority on old furniture,

prints, and English china and earthenware, which subjects he is intimately acquainted with, writing on each with sound taste and thorough knowledge. The present work forms a companion volume and a supplement to his "Chats on Old Furniture," and deals very exhaustively with this collateral branch of a fascinating subject.

The craftsmen who made this class of furniture formed for themselves special types, displaying very fine workmanship, which were never made by the London cabinet-makers; as, for instance, the Jacobean gate-table, the Lancashire wardrobe, the dresser, and the Windsor chair, which have styles peculiarly their own. The origin of the latter name appears to be associated with the Farmer King, who, seeing a chair of this design in a humble cottage near Windsor, ordered some to be made for the royal use. Farmhouse furniture exhibits the work of various districts strongly marked by an adherence to traditional forms and intensely insular in its disregard of prevailing fashions. "It is," says Mr. Hayden, "as English as the leathern black-jack and the home-brewed ale."

The sublime indifference to passing fashions is astonishingly delightful to the student and to the collector. . . . The bacon-cupboard, the linen-chest, the gate-table, the ladder-back chair and the Windsor chair, were made through successive generations down to fifty years ago without departing from the original pattern of the Charles I or the Queen Anne period.

The country cabinet-maker's work knew no sequence of ages of oak, walnut, mahogany, and satin-wood. His native trees furnished his material, which was chiefly oak, intermingled here and there with elm and yew-tree and beech, and one or two others. It may, indeed, be said that his chairs came straight from the hedgerows. Whole districts retained similar styles for centuries, and the end came only in the last decades of the nineteenth, when the village craftsman was wiped out by the rapid advance of factory and machine-made furniture. Mr. Hugh Phillips contributes an interesting chapter on Old English Chintzes, and the work is fully illustrated with many remarkably fine specimens of the village craftsman's art.

Random Notes and Reflections. By JOSEPH HARRIS. (Published by the Author at 17, Lancaster Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool. 2s. 6d., post free.)

THE author, who is an Israelite, left Russia at a very early age, and came to England. In clear, simple, and yet forceful language he tells his life story in the first part of this little book, and furnishes yet another proof of the Jewish capacity for "getting on" in spite of disadvantages. Part II is taken up by a brief exposition of the five books of Moses, and some very hard—albeit just—things are said about the sectarian controversies which disfigure Christianity. Since the author is by nature a kindly man, his objections to the Christian religion are worthy of persual.

Throughout the book Russia and its ways form a sort of King Charles's head, popping up when least expected. Mr. Harris has a word to say on the militant Suffragettes, whom he loathes; and another on the subject of strikes and strikers, in which connection he remarks that those who cause strikes not only injure the whole community, but help its foreign opponents, a fact which cannot be given too much prominence. He has also a few very strong words to say with regard to money-lenders, whom he condemns as "financial Anarchists" and fathers of crime.

His dissertation on the first five books of the Bible is an illuminating piece of work, and well worth reading both by Jew and Gentile Bible students. Though the book as a whole is made up of "random notes," it is the work of a thoughtful, sincere man, with a long and varied life behind him to add weight to his words. With no pretence at literary style or didactic "preachiness," he has embodied a sound moral lesson in a modest little book.

Divorce. By EARL RUSSELL. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

EARL RUSSELL, in this book, besides setting out in considerable detail and commenting upon the present state of the law relating to divorce and matrimonial causes, has given a résumé of his evidence before the Royal Commission which sat in 1910 to consider this subject, and has greatly amplified the views then expressed by him. He has approached his subject from points of view, historical, sociological, and moral, and has omitted scarcely a single argument which can be adduced in favour of an amendment of the existing law upon any of those grounds.

As to the proposed remedies for the evils acknowledged upon all hands to exist, Appendix III contains a draft of the Bill introduced into the House of Lords by Earl Russell in the year 1902, and the proposed changes are fully discussed in the text. Shortly stated, the grounds upon which, were that Bill to become an Act, a party to a marriage would be entitled to petition the Court for dissolution are (a) that the other party has committed adultery; (b) has been guilty of cruelty; (c) is undergoing penal servitude for not less than three years; (d) has been found or certified to be of unsound mind; (e) that for three years the parties to the marriage have lived apart without any intention on the part of one or other of them of resuming cohabitation, or (f) that for one year the parties have lived apart, and that neither wishes to resume cohabitation. The greatest stress is throughout laid upon the expediency, both moral and social, of abolishing the decree of judicial separation. Chapter V deals shortly with the practice in other countries.

The whole case in favour of reform is so succinctly and convincingly stated in this small work that we are fully at one with the noble author when he says in his Preface: "Should a second edition of this work ever be called for, I should hope to deal fully with the

report and recommendations of the Royal Commission, which I believe may be expected in the coming summer."

Play Hours with Pegasus. By A. P. HERBERT. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s.)

LAUGHTER is a splendid thing, and we are indebted to Mr. Herbert's delightful rhymes for a half-hour or so of genuine laughter. His verses are in the best style of *Punch's* cherished "Dum-Dum"—in fact, his stanzas of introduction are very reminiscent in spirit and in rhythm of Captain Kendall's prelude to "A Fool's Paradise." From page after page we are tempted to quote, but must be content with a sample from the conclusion of a satire on "Literary Advertisements—Voice-production." After describing his tremendous performances in the way of melody, the renewed vocalist remarks:—

... My inward springs
Of song, my glottis, and my vocal strings
(Have you a glottis?—jolly little things),

All these have risen in a month or less
To unknown heights of vigour and success.
What is the reason for it? Can you guess?

You can't? Then listen. When the people dote
On the perfection of my every note,
Tell them it's Pinker's Pastilles for the Throat!

Other specimens of sarcasm at the expense of certain "boomsters" are excellent, and the humorous occasional verses were well worthy of rescue from the columns of the various periodicals in which they first appeared.

England and the Moslem World: Articles, Addresses and Essays on Eastern Subjects. By SYED H. R. ABDUL MAJID, LL.D. (The Yorkshire Printing Co., York. 5s. net.)

THIS book is a collection of lectures, articles, etc., which deal almost entirely with Mohammedan topics. The contents are divided into three classes: Political, Legal, and Social. The first section of the book is for the most part an advocacy of an alliance between the two largest Mohammedan Powers in the world—the British and the Turkish. Into this alliance the author would bring the other Mohammedan Powers—Persia, Afghanistan, and Morocco. Most of the papers of which the book is composed have been rendered out of date by the recent march of events, and the solution of the problem which the author places before his readers needs, therefore, revising in many particulars. In principle, however, the solution is the aforesaid alliance between England and Turkey, and *en passant* the former power is warned to put no trust in Russia. "I should only tell you that you cannot afford to rely upon Russian promises," says the author. "When she did not scruple to violate the provisions of such treaties as that of Paris and of Berlin, it can hardly be disputed that she will not respect the convention recently concluded. Let me remind you of the

Variage incident, when the Russian captain bade the Sheik of Koweit to note the Russian colours which she flew—"the colours which," he boasted, "will soon rule the seas."

In Defence of America. By BARON VON TAUBE. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THIS is one of the dullest books it has ever been our misfortune to read. American literature is not, as a rule, whatever may be its defects, deficient in interest; but Baron von Taube has shown that it is possible to be consistently and almost incredibly dull for close upon 300 pages. The Baron appears to think that the Americans are a much misunderstood people, and, "for the enlightenment of John Bull," he has undertaken to remove many of the prejudices which are entertained against them on this side of the Atlantic. He sets out a series of indictments which, he alleges, are brought by Englishmen against the American citizen. Many of these are mere figments of his imagination. For the remainder, he appears to us to have provided a totally inconclusive defence.

The Baron's sense of discrimination may be gauged from the fact that he lumps together Harvey, Henley, Bilroth, McKenzie, Skoda, Herba, Rokitansky, Mendle-jeff, Bercholet, Bichât, Walter Scott, Dickens, Fennimore Cooper, Victor Hugo, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Goethe, and Rousseau into one amazing category. We have preserved Baron von Taube's own order of nomenclature, as it would appear to throw some light upon his mental methods. For ourselves, we are free to confess that no rumours of the greatness of McKenzie have as yet reached us, but we gladly accept the author's assurance that Nature "employs a number of generations to accumulate the nervous power and mental predisposition within the breed" before such a portent can be produced. The book is not one that calls for any serious criticism. We could wish, however, that Baron von Taube would not refer to the expanse of water which—fortunately—divides the United Kingdom from the United States as "The Pond." It is not a pond; it is the Atlantic Ocean.

Fiction

Maids in Many Moods. By H. LOUISA BEDFORD. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WHEN an authoress takes four beautiful girls with the set intention of marrying them, within the compass of three hundred pages or so, to four eligible men, there is a possibility that the resulting story may prove a trifle monotonous. It is so here; the repeated protestations of the various lovers, and the reiterated assurances of the beautiful—thirty years ago the authoress would certainly have written "beauteous"—damsels are cloying to a certain extent. A taste of red pepper had made this sugary banquet more appetising, although an

attempt is made to introduce variety in the shape of a New Zealand earthquake, which inflicts such damage to one hero's spine that his beautiful damsel is threatened with a rather monotonous year or two of married life to start with.

We would that we found the world as full of innocuous people as this authoress makes it. With one exception, a cattish lady who is, unfortunately, killed off half-way through the book, everybody is positively thirsting to do everybody else a good turn—and most of the characters succeed. It is cheering fiction, but it rings hardly true enough to satisfy after a half-dozen or more instances. In places, there is not a little of bathos in the descriptions. "Isobel stood glued to the side of the boat" has about it an irresistible suggestion of cobbler's wax and a mischievous schoolboy, though the story includes neither. To sum up, we may say that the maids—all beautiful—are very much alike; the men are all good; the marriages quite conventional and proper; and there is every possibility that the various pairs are now living happy ever after.

The Signal, and Other Stories. By W. M. GARSHIN. Translated from the Russian by CAPTAIN ROWLAND SMITH. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THE author of these stories, W. M. Garshin, a melancholic born in 1855 and dying sadly in 1888, resembles Edgar Allan Poe in intense thought and brooding melancholy. The stories form the whole of his literary work and cover a wide range, from the experiences of the author as a soldier (Garshin volunteered as a private in an infantry regiment and served in the Russo-Turkish War), which are very interesting, to others dealing with various phases of Russian life, while one or two were written when he was almost over the border line of mental control.

"The Scarlet Blossom" is one of the most striking of this latter period, and is very powerful; but all are worth reading, and will give an insight into Russian ways. What strikes one about the Russian character, so well delineated in these tales, is its simplicity in many things; also the kind feelings existing between classes and the passionate attachment of the soldiers to their Czar as head of their fatherland. Doubtless with a more general education of the masses and consequently less religious superstition, less drunkenness and a purer official life might be hoped for, and Russia, with its boundless resources, mineral and otherwise, would easily take a foremost place among the nations of the world, furnishing employment for the surplus population of the countries on her borders. The country is moving in the right direction even now, and with her onward march the days of bombs and revolutionaries will easily be lost sight of, for there will be no need for meteors in the light of the sun of general progress.

The book is very ably translated by Captain Smith, translator to his Majesty's Embassy at St. Petersburg, and should have many readers.

The Fugitive Years. By KATHARINE SIMPSON. (John Long. 6s.)

RHODA LAVERICK is the principal character in the pages of this book. As a child she is a brave little soul whose great delight in life is to play with her cousin Geoff. When Geoff is old enough to be sent to Eton he wishes to abandon his little playmate, and very brutally shakes her off when she clings to him heart-broken at the thought of the parting. As the boy was, so is the man. Geoffrey Oswaldson grows up selfish and fickle, and, regardless of his cousin's feelings, seeks her out only when he is in trouble and wants her help. Rhoda never denies him all the assistance she can give until, selfish still, he offers her an unenviable position as his mistress, his wife being in an asylum. This Rhoda refuses, in spite of the fact that she professes to indulge in some crazy "free-love" notions together with her Russian friend, Anna. The end is not unexpected, and taken as a whole the story is well worked out. There is very little embellishment; the characters are clearly drawn, and Mrs. Simpson is able within a very few lines to convey to the reader's mind an apt description of events as they take place.

Her Sacrifice. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THE outstanding figure in this book is that of Aaron Roberts, the mean little Jew money-lender who found his soul and changed into a man through loving a woman whom he could never hope to win, and whom he helped to marry to the hero of the story. In him, the author has accomplished a very creditable character study, and we realise the development of the man.

For the rest, it is melodrama, with the determined villain, the wronged hero, the beautiful heroine, the other woman, the murder and inquest, the detectives, the devoted brother, the faithful friend, and all the rest of our exceedingly old acquaintances making trouble in the most approved style. The groundwork of the plot is very thin material, but, if one can succeed in swallowing the first four or five chapters, the rest is exciting enough, and though we know that the virtuous damsel and the long-suffering hero will live happy ever after the concluding chapter, the plot is unfolded in an engaging style. We could wish that the author were a little more careful of his English, at times, but the swing and rush of the story, and its frankly melodramatic nature, make this fault less evident than would be the case in work of a more ambitious kind. Mr. Applin has here given us another sensational story of the thrilling order, and his large circle of readers will find it quite equal to his usual style.

Mollie the Handful. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

ONCE started, one feels it almost impossible to stop reading about Mollie's adventures. The book is amusing from beginning to end. Mollie is not only pretty, but clever; she exercises to the utmost her powers of

mischievous and fun, in frustrating the endeavours of her elderly and most sober guardian and his younger co-guardian, a gay young man of the world, in forcing her into marrying the stupid son of the elder. A curious condition of her father's will compels the consent of both guardians to her marriage, until she reaches the age of thirty.

All's well that ends well, and "Mollie the Handful" wins in the long run. The last chapter describes her as starting for Doncaster Races with her fiancé without a chaperon.

The Theatre

"Ben-My-Chree" at the New Prince's Theatre

A FEW years ago it was considered quite charming and fashionable to appreciate melodrama. Although that particular form of theatrical affectation is now worn out, melodrama appears more than ever sure of vast audiences. The fastidious may turn aside, but the great heart of the public remains true to its time-tried ideals. It seems rather curious after so many years of the revolutionary Ibsen—not to mention any of the successful English dramatists who, knowingly or without intention, have handed on his epoch-making methods—that the old stage tricks and artificial dialogues should remain popular. But such is the case; and we must accept the matter as it stands. If melodrama is to be produced in London, the new Prince's seems the right place for it, and Mr. Walter and Mr. Frederick Melville the best possible producers. Granted these premises, "Ben-My-Chree" is just the right sort of composition to suit the circumstances, and Mr. Hall Caine and the late Mr. Wilson Barrett the most appropriate writers. The present revival is given all possible chance of success. Everyone knows the story of "The Deemster," that rich mine of theatrical romance, passion, misunderstanding, wrong and righted wrong from which to quarry such an exciting, if obvious, play as "The Girl of My Heart," added to the approved situations and the effective, if somewhat unconvincing, speeches. On this occasion all the characters are played as though the players really believed in them. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland as the heroic hero, and Miss Jessie Winter as the most loyal of loyal heroines, are twin towers of melodramatic strength. Then there is the sincere and effective work of Mr. Austin Melford; of that admirable actor, Mr. William Lugg, of Mr. Felix Pitt, and Mr. Austen Milroy and of others nearly as excellent in their particular ways. The audience likes the spirit of the play, and the actors appear to appreciate the warm enthusiasm of the audience. The managers have provided everything necessary for the first production of this masterpiece, and thus "Ben-My-Chree" swings through to its satisfactory finish amid general contentment. But, unfortunately, there is always a cynic or so in a big house such as the Prince's Theatre, and to one

such the awful sentence on the Deemster: "Alone let him live: alone let him die," would not appear so terrible if the sole alternative were to witness constantly the playing of "Ben-My-Chree."

Music

OF the new opera "Conchita" and its young composer, Signor Zandonai, we feel impelled to speak with great interest and respect. Even after one hearing of "Conchita," and that in the alien atmosphere of Covent Garden, we looked back and knew that we had been fascinated at several moments by passages, sustainedly eloquent, of real musical beauty, and also that much of the music, which had not, perhaps, moved us deeply by its general force, had interested us by its novelty of aim, and made us wish to become better acquainted with it. The intrinsic qualities of music must remain the same wherever it is performed, though "environment" has a more important influence upon our power of appreciation than we sometimes think it has. We should probably have found ourselves more in tune with "Conchita," and enjoyed it more spontaneously, had we heard it for the first time in Italy, filled, as we should then have been, with love for everything Italian, sympathetic to every symptom of advance, every ambition for development, every aspiration, in fact, discernible in the work of that wonderful country, that dearest people. We say this lest it should seem that we are too cold, too measured, in our first appreciation of music which has been hailed with enthusiasm in Italy by musicians much more competent to judge the music of an Italian of the modern school than we are.

It was evident from the first that "Conchita" is an opera more likely to take an Italian audience captive than an English one. But it does not follow that its music is not worthy of careful attention on the part of Englishmen, or that with further knowledge we may not come to delight in it whole-heartedly. There exists much British music which we think very beautiful indeed, but which makes no impression at all when performed before foreigners. We shall never forget the scathing words uttered to us by some distinguished French musicians after a concert in which some of the best specimens of Parry, Elgar, and other Englishmen had been very well given! It will be a long time, we think, before the average English opera-goer prefers "Conchita" to "Faust" or "Carmen" or "Aida," but since "Louise," an opera with which "Conchita" may not unaptly be compared, is holding its ground in London so well, we see no reason why Signor Zandonai's fine work should not eventually gain a place in our understanding and our affections.

For ourselves, we may say that a first hearing of "Conchita" made us wish to hear it again, not only as a duty, but as a pleasure. Anyone who affects to be interested in musical movements should be ready to learn

what are the aims of Signor Zandonai and to inquire how far he is able to realise them. But there are parts of his opera so genuinely attractive as music that we are sure we should enjoy hearing them again. Such are practically the whole of the second act; the intermezzo which precedes the scene at the gate, and that scene itself; the closing passages of the opera, too, gather up the best impressions of what has gone before. The first act is very spirited, and one did not find it difficult to note that here the composer was aiming at Reality rather than Realism, according to the confession of faith which he is understood to have put forward. Still we admit that this kind of musical scene, in spite of its vivacity, had no great power over us. Nor did the scene in Conchita's house rouse us to enthusiasm.

During its progress we think we were chiefly conscious of admiration for Mme. Berat, whose versatility in playing stage-mothers, and making each one unlike the last, is truly remarkable. But we began to be stirred when the action and music of the music-hall scene revealed a composer of special gifts for musical characterisation and capable of expressing many kinds of emotion in tense passages which were as beautiful as they were dramatic. When the curtain fell, we could not perhaps have whistled any particular tune, but we were filled with a sense of melody over and above the sense that we had been aided by the music to see an actual scene of real life. Of this feeling we were conscious to the end of the opera, with but few moments of lessened interest. We knew that nothing conventional in the way of musical illustration was to be expected, that there would be no passages, such as those in the operas of Puccini and Mascagni, which could easily be detached from their context and performed on a concert platform; we had been told that Zandonai had discarded many of the modes by which effect has been sought by his brethren, and we found their absence not a little refreshing.

The quieter setting out of the orchestral scheme is in itself a welcome sign, and the composer has lost nothing by restricting himself to the less lurid colouring, for his tones show new harmonies, new textures over and over again, and one constantly knew that one had not heard this or that effect presented in the same way before. It may be that we are intended to concentrate our attention on the orchestra, that the music on the stage is designed to be only supplementary to that heard from the instruments; but, however that may be, it seemed as a general rule that the vocal work fell considerably behind the orchestral in attractiveness. This could not have been due to want of skill or earnestness on the part of the interpreters. Of Mme. Tarquini's performance of the absorbing part of Conchita we must speak in terms of the warmest praise. Both as actress and singer she came forward as an artist of quite remarkable quality. We can think of no fault to find with her at all, and we look forward to seeing her in many another part at Covent Garden. Signor Schiavazzi's singing might not charm us were we to hear him deliver a detached aria in some other opera, but as Don

Matteo he was excellent, and as an actor he seconded Mme. Tarquini almost ideally. The three cigarette-makers were rather too shrill. For the stage setting we have little but praise. It is true that in the street scene we were treated to the kind of inhabitants which we see on stages, but never in Seville. But as for the Café-chantant, it was admirably like one in which we sat but the other day under the shadow of Giralda; except that when we were there the little box of a place was so densely crowded one could neither move nor breathe. Mr. Beecham's orchestra, conducted by Signor Panizzi, played beautifully, and its leader, Mr. Sammon, thrilled everybody by his solo.

The concert of her own compositions recently given at Æolian Hall by Mme. Poldowski (for that is the *nom de plume* of Lady Dean Paul) introduced us to a composer of songs which struck us as being of a truly delightful excellence. Her touch is of the lightest, her seizure of the spirit of her words is of the swiftest, her sense of the right union of voice and piano is unerring. One says at once that these songs might not have been composed had Debussy been born dumb, but the apparent miracle is that in Mme. Poldowski we have a composer who can use the language of another nation and adapt herself perfectly to its idiom without being, in the ordinary sense, an imitator. There is the clearest mark of her own personality on every one of the songs which we were fortunate enough to hear. We should have liked to hear everything, but wayward circumstances obliged us to be satisfied with a hearing of only twelve songs, which were sung by Miss Maggie Teyte and Mr. Gervase Elwes.

Nine of these were settings of Verlaine's words, and perhaps a foreboding listener might have been conscious of a doubt whether Mme. Poldowski would succeed as well with poetry of a different character. The vocal part of these is astonishingly pointed and suitable; so good, that every line and every word in every line are fitted to notes that give significance, and when the song has ceased, the effect is that of a long sentence perfectly declaimed, balanced with the most delicate *nuance*, a sentence of poetry which vanishes into air as if it had been real only for a moment. A delicious accompaniment supports and engarlands the recited poem. In every song some striking little figure has been found which insists, yet never too emphatically, in making itself heard and remembered, and colouring the whole; and this, in its turn, is twined about with the happiest arabesques. So many of the songs were encored that Mme. Poldowski had evidently hit the taste of her audience, but she would no doubt agree that to the singers was due no unimportant part of the success. We should like to know the songs more intimately before pronouncing an opinion as to whether they penetrate very deeply into the emotion of their poetry, whether their very charm of facility may not be a danger. But that they are brilliantly effective at a first hearing we have no doubt whatever. Reluctantly we must own that we should require them to be sung to us by an ordinary singer, and accompanied with less per-

fection than they are by their composer, before we could assign them their exact place in the list of songs which belong to the comprehensive school which includes Fauré, Hahn, Debussy, and Ravel.

At the last concert of that singularly beautiful violinist, M. Hubermann, a player who, we trust, has now firmly established his hold upon the affections of London, we heard with great pleasure a singer who is known in Italy as Signora Talesi, though she is not, apparently, of Italian birth. While showing that her training has been rather for the operatic than the lyric style of singing, she made it clear that her gifts and her intelligence are sufficient for both of them. Her fine warm soprano, managed with beautiful finish, should bring her abundant opportunities of valuable work in English concert-rooms, should she elect to exchange an operatic career for the less exciting, but not less interesting, one of a vocalist at Symphony or Chamber Concerts, and Oratorios.

The Story of a Great Crime*

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IT is nearly eight months ago since the civilised world was disgusted by the summary manner in which the Italian Army in Tripoli, under General Carlo Caneva, "purged the Oasis," to use a phrase invented by the Italians themselves. In the dictionary the word purge is defined as meaning to wipe out or to cleanse, and either definition adequately describes the methods employed by the Italian Army to get rid of the Arabs whom they quite inaccurately and erroneously described as traitors. Mr. Francis McCullagh describes his book as "Italy's War for a Desert," but a far more accurate description would be "The Story of a Great Crime," because almost the entire book, with the exception of a few explanatory chapters at the beginning and end, is taken up with a detailed record of those awful events in the Oasis during the dark days from October 23 to October 28.

There are some who will doubtless say: "What is the good of recalling incidents which belong to the past, and which will never occur again?" or, "What is the use of trying to breed ill-will between a friendly nation and ourselves by recounting certain discreditable events, the like of which are found in the history of almost every nation?" I, for one, certainly disagree with this point of view. I think that Mr. McCullagh has performed a great service, not only to history, but also to humanity, by this irrefutable exposure of one of the most disgraceful chapters in all the bloody story of war and colonisation. Those of us who were there and saw with our own eyes men, women, and children shot down, bayoneted or clubbed to death, innocent and guilty

alike, by gangs of raw youths from Southern Italy and Sicily, restrained by no discipline or moral feeling, cannot easily forgive or forget. We are certainly under no obligation to the Italians either to forgive or to forget. We have been held up to execration by the Italian Government and by the Italian Press, who have endeavoured by every possible means to throw dust in the eyes of Europe and to make their penetration of Tripoli appear as a godsend to a barbarous and cruel people. Nor have apologists been wanting among certain English writers themselves. Notably amongst these is Mr. Richard Bagot, who has endeavoured, quite without success, to prove that all of us special correspondents who were responsible for these exposures were either bribed by the Turks or were perverters of the truth, and, to crown all, that we were not even there when the massacres took place! Of course, it is utterly useless to confute calumnies of this sort. They are so absurd on the face of it that they only excite contempt and derision, and Mr. Bagot's letters to the *Spectator*, *Nation*, and, I believe, to the *Times* have done absolutely nothing to cleanse the Oasis of the foul crimes of his favourites.

Even Lord Roberts thought it necessary to intervene on behalf of General Caneva and to plead his action as justifiable on the well-known and undefinable grounds of "military exigencies." Suffice it to say that, when Lord Roberts penned his letter, he was totally ignorant of the true facts, and, had he been in possession of them he certainly would not have written what he did. In fact, all the apologists of General Caneva—with the exception of Lord Roberts—either live in Italy or inordinately love that country. They all assume one thing, and on this base their charges—namely, that every special correspondent who went to Tripoli was animated by the most bitter hatred towards the Italians from the start, and that we all sat there only awaiting an opportunity to retaliate or to have our revenge. Why we should wish to retaliate or have our revenge, they quite fail to explain. Not one of the foreigners who was at Tripoli at the time of the massacres has dared come forward to deny that they took place, or to defend the action of the Italian Army. A few have remained silent, or have pleaded the time-honoured old "military exigencies." No; the only apologists are the Italians themselves, or else certain English writers living in Italy, who have never been within one thousand miles of the front, and whose only sources of information come from what they read in the Italian Press, or what has been told to them by Italian officials. It is for the world to judge whom to believe: either the testimony of men who were on the spot, or of those who write sitting in comfortable chairs in Italy. The world has chosen to accept the evidence of those who are trained observers, who had nothing to gain and everything to lose by making these exposures, and who risked their lives in order to ascertain the truth.

The Italian Government hoped to be able to influence all the foreign correspondents at the front in various

* *Italy's War for a Desert. Being some Experiences of a War-Correspondent with the Italians in Tripoli.* By FRANCIS MCCULLAGH. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

ways. The Italian Press is absolutely under the thumb of the Government, and any attempt to speak the truth would have meant instant dismissal, and even imprisonment for those responsible for any exposures. But they made a fatal error in supposing that the British Press could be muzzled in the same manner, and hence their rage and disappointment at finding that, in spite of all their carefully thought out precautions, truth emerges. The most faithful of their British allies was, and I suppose still is, Mr. Richard Bagot. He wasted an enormous amount of ink in his attacks. I used to read with infinite pleasure his letters to the *Spectator*, but I never thought it worth while to make any reply. Finally, Mr. McCullagh replied in a very able letter to the *Nation*, which showed how utterly baseless were Mr. Bagot's charges. I am glad to notice that Mr. Bagot's efforts to wipe out an indelible stain of blood with masses of ink did not in certain quarters go unappreciated or unrewarded, for the ladies of Italy banded themselves together, and presented him with an illuminated address!

Mr. McCullagh's work is one of the most instructive and interesting I have read for many a long day. It should be studied not only by those who sympathise with the Turks, but also by the friends of Italy. It throws an immense amount of light on the Italian character and on Italian methods, and proves conclusively how unfitted the Italians are either by temperament or prowess in the field to start empire-building in the twentieth century. The campaign has been a ghastly and expensive failure. Six months ago, in summing up the military situation, I cabled, "They have bitten off more than they can chew: the war is now in a state of stalemate." The army has never advanced ten miles from the coast—in fact, it is difficult to see where it can advance, because a permanent conquest cannot be made out of sand, and the Turks and Arabs are resisting even more vigorously to-day than they were six months ago. From time to time one reads in the Press of terrible battles and the slaughter of thousands of Turks; but these wild tales are absolutely devoid of foundation, and are merely served up to keep the Jingo spirit alive in Italy and thus save the Ministry. The war is costing Turkey comparatively not a penny, and, as long as ammunition holds out, there is no reason why it should not go on for another ten years, if one only takes into consideration the military situation in Tripoli.

Every day Italy's position becomes more serious. The war, which enjoyed a temporary and quite artificial popularity, is now thoroughly unpopular, not only with the nation, but even with the Army. A short time ago there was a mutiny among the several regiments in Tripoli, because the reservists longed to return to their homes. A friend of mine told me of the departure of reinforcements from Naples to the front. The men were downhearted, dejected, and were marched to the transports like cattle to the shambles, and not a cheer greeted their departure. The Italian people are just beginning to realise how they have been deceived by their Govern-

ment, and how Pyrrhic are the victories which almost every week fill a servile and censored Press. How will it end? That is a riddle which no one seems able to answer; but everyone should read Mr. McCullagh's work, as it throws real light on one of the darkest pages in the history of Italy or of any other country.

Intimate Books

THERE are some books of which a man is so fond that it hurts him to hear them criticised. There are others of which he is so fond that he dislikes to hear them praised. The first is a generous feeling, coming with early enthusiasms. We have all gone hot in our time at the shock of hearing some author of our choice spoken of lightly. But we soon grow not to expect perfection so readily, and criticism we accept in good part, or if we do not agree with it, dismiss easily enough. Praise is another matter. This dislike of praise is the lover's feeling. It does not cool, nor is it given without discrimination. We keep it only for a few books—those that we can open at random, beginning readily, if the eye so falls, in the middle of a sentence—books which we meet so frequently that we need not the usual formal greetings—*livres de chevet*. And we please ourselves with the fancy that ours are the only copies. That is the tacit understanding. These, the intimate books, are the books that we hate to hear praised.

Literature is not a Republic, though many consider it a fine thing to say that it is. In reality it has nothing democratic about it—no full and frank discussions, no efforts after compromise. It is a dark and secret thing—writers are solitary workers. They must do things in their own fashion, and far from being citizens of a republic, are so many tyrants, each living in his own kingdom and making his own laws. So, too, with the reader, he is secret and a tyrant; he has nothing of the democrat in him. All the literary talk that flows and eddies is shallow enough. The books that really move us we keep to ourselves; we hold them jealously out of conversation, and hug the illusion that they are our own exclusive property. These feelings are not to be defended on any ethical grounds; but they are none the less strong that we acknowledge them to be selfish, and to rest on an illusion. This much at least may be said for them, that they are the final praise. No book which has touched this spring of sentiment, even in a single mind, has failed.

These fantastic jealousies are not readily discovered, but you may suspect a man when he slips suddenly from the conversation, or gives that dull-toned assent to something you have said, which implies that here is a subject not to be discussed. Evidence is not easy to collect. Nor, if one had it, could one come to any summary or conclusion about these feelings and the sort of books that merit them. They depend too much upon individual caprice. But there are certain authors who, by the very nature of their writing, invite you to keep

them to yourself. Lamb is one of these. All his writings are whispered confidences, and the pleasant privilege of having them breathed into your ear is lost if you know that others share it. The symposium upon Lamb which Mr. Lucas has in his essay the "Embarrassed Eliminators" (although you know all the characters to be himself) seems in some way wrong. Lamb is not a subject for debate, even among intimates.

These lovers' feelings I keep for Miss Austen alone. There are some writers whom I prefer to criticise only myself, resenting any disparaging words from others as a liberty. But Miss Austen is the only one whom I would as soon hear criticised as praised. Nor is there, in reality, anything ungallant in this sentiment. I would defend her from any gross attack—if it were possible for such to be made. But the slight of supercilious criticism or mere indifference would not trouble me at all. Indeed, it would be welcome, confirming me in my jealous fancy that no one reads her as I do. I know, of course, that there are thousands of others nursing these same selfish feelings, and there are even some who write of her. I have all Mr. Austin Dobson's introductions in my copies of her books—but I have never read them. I have seen verses addressed "To Dear Jane Austen" (a horrid liberty), and I hurriedly turned the page. I should never dare to think of her in so familiar a way. For with Miss Austen one cannot be other than a ceremonious lover, and would never think to kiss more than her finger-tips. Darcy in his humbler mood—he is the example of the proper lover's spirit in the presence of such a mistress. And so I hug the illusion.

I like to think that here is a world where no other stranger has trod; that her parks and her gardens and her pleasant country lanes are my private domain; that no one else is admitted to the drawing-rooms at Hartfield and Longbourn and Mansfield Park; that I alone have adored Elizabeth Bennett and Emma Woodhouse and envied Mr. Darcy and Mr. Knightley their good fortune. I even grudge others their acquaintance with Miss Bates and Mrs. Elkins and Mr. Collins. One hesitates to see one's best friends admitted to these places on the same footing, and it is intolerably unpleasant to find that mere acquaintances or even strangers are as intimate there as one's self. Mr. Woodhouse was not more suspicious of change than are Miss Austen's lovers of one another.

Miss Austen has had many lovers; nor has any writer inspired quite the same personal emotion in her following as she, so serene, so decorous, so self-possessed. Indeed, it is a passion, and writers of a more ardent sort (thinking themselves better subjects for a hot affection) have been puzzled by it and even inclined to envy.

"Anything like warmth of enthusiasm," wrote Charlotte Brontë, "anything energetic, poignant, heart-felt, is utterly out of place in commending these works; all such demonstration the authoress would have met with a well-bred sneer, would have calmly scorned as *outré* and extravagant." As if there were not more

depth of feeling and poignant suffering in Anne Elliot than in all the wild heroines of the Brontës! It is extravagance of words only that Miss Austen would discourage in her lovers, feeling (quite properly) that warmth of enthusiasm and hot passion are not beyond expression in a gentleman-like way. But for the most part Miss Austen's lovers keep their passion to themselves. Macaulay (the most distinguished of them all) once meditated an article on Miss Austen. "I may perhaps try my hand on Miss Austen's novels," so he wrote to Macrey Napier, "That is a subject on which I shall require no assistance from books." But the article was never written. One must suppose that when he broached the task he found his feelings of too intimate a sort to put upon paper. For these lovers' feelings towards books, with their sweet and wicked jealousy, are things not lightly to be shared.

C. V.

By-ways of Brittany*

I ENVY Mr. Davies the sensation of writing this book. It was doubtless transient in measure, but it was of nature poignant. The fresh and delicate charm of a first impression of Brittany is like the first bite of a draught of cider upon a husky throat: it cannot be reproduced. By all means, drink again and enjoy, as Théodore Botrel adjures us:—

Buvons, buvons encor,
Buvons le cidre d'or
A la santé des gâs d'Arvor!

The draught will still be pleasant and healthy. Brittany is a well that never goes dry. But the entrancing, intoxicating aroma of the first taste of its beauty and strangeness is not to be had again.

Brittany is a true bourne of discoveries for the adventurous spirit, but for him only. He who has not the right matter of adventure in him will traverse it in vain. It does not begin to be savoured by the luxurious person who spends a jolly week or so among the American millionaires at Dinard, or the tripper who rushes through the country by train or auto, whirling along railway tracks or main roads, "doing" a cathedral here and a cromlech there and picking up a *pardon* somewhere else. Even he, it is true, will find some element of surprise in the very existence of an esoteric backwater like Brittany in a country so joyously, so frankly *mondain* as France. But he can acquire only a vague impression of its individuality; he can know nothing of the soul that lies behind whitewashed wall and under thatched roof, that dwells in forests and flits over moorlands in that great province which is at once of France and not of it.

Mr. Davies and his companion did the only thing there is to do if one is to know anything of Brittany:

* *Off Beaten Tracks in Brittany.* By EMIL DAVIES. Illustrated. (Stephen Swift. 7s. 6d. net.)

they walked. And they walked away from the great highways, threading a tortuous course through Finistère and the Côtes du Nord from Brest to Dinard.

As it was, they did too great a distance in too short a time to absorb much of the veritable essence. They should have left even those quiet and unfrequented roads which took them from Plougastel-Daoulas across the Montagnes d'Arrée to Loudéac and Montcontour. They should have been content with a lesser journey. They should have penetrated into the sequestered valleys by *traverse* and *sentier*, and found Yves Michel at home in his little farmhouse, and stayed there long enough to make friends with the strong, warm, deep-hearted man concealed beneath visage more sombre and dissembled by manner more aloof than those of the remotest communities of our outmost islands.

The Breton is often compared with the Welshman and the Cornishman, and not inaptly. He strongly resembles both; but he has a special affinity with the Cornishman. I have stood listening to dark-eyed, many-whiskered sailors and fishermen on the shores of the Bay of Douarnenez, and have been unable to rid myself of the impression that I was in Mevagissey or Porthleven, and that these men would presently leave off talking broken French and break into the familiar sing-song of the Cornish dialect. Again, you may lean on the gate of a farmstead in the uplands of Brittany, amid scenery of granite, gorse, and heather, and see men at work who might, for their build and their appearance, be Cornish smallholders away on the "backbone" of the Duchy, amid the Caradons or on the skirts of Bodmin moors. The scenery of Cornwall is a thought wilder, perhaps, and its hills are something higher. But the character of the two countries is the same. Even the names, how familiar they seem!—

By Tre, Pol and Pen,
You shall know the Cornishmen;

and by the same token you shall know the Bretons. When you are at Le Pouldhu on the Côte d'Armor, or at Lannion on the north coast, your mind inevitably flies to Mount's Bay and the hills behind it, to the Marconi station of Poldhu and to the Lanyon cromlech; and when on the road you encounter Raoul Trevithick, there is nothing but the riband hanging from his hat to distinguish him from Dick Trevithick of that ilk in our own western peninsula. How easily are Carantec and Crantock identified, or Tredrez and Tredrea! How homely does Pennenes sound! And the saints you meet are the same: your Cornish St. Breock is here St. Briec or St. Briac; St. Columb has taken unto himself a diphthong and become St. Coulomb.

In fact, the two people are one people, with practically the same ancient language, the same spirit, and the same outlook—the same imaginativeness, the same inquisitiveness, and the same kind-heartedness. The old Cornish language and the Breton language are one. The modification of a few consonants is the main difference: Breton is a harder-sounding and more clackety tongue than Cornish. There is in both countries the

same plenitude of saints and the same devotion to religion, only the Cornishman's mysticism has run in another groove since the Reformation. The transcendentalism of the Methodist faith captured his spirit in the days when the Church was at its lowest ebb of materialism and Erastinianism; but he still is just as completely obsessed by the unseen world as the Breton.

Of course, Mr. Davies and his friend could not stop to investigate or analyse or compare. If they had been able to do so, they might have experienced a less amusing journey. They would certainly have learnt a little more about the Breton. They would have come away with a broader idea of what the Breton language stands for in the life of Armorica, a juster conception of the place of the Church in that life, and a higher appreciation of the quality of mysticism and poetry which the old Celtic province infuses into the character of France.

However, it is idle to quarrel with a book because it does not do something it was never meant to do. Mr. Davies set out with the frank intention of being amusing, and amusing he unquestionably is. He gives us the low comedy of travel. His account of his adventures has a picaresque flavour which is highly diverting. Like Gil Blas, he never came to an *auberge* in a lost and forgotten hamlet, or a hotel on a dusty main road, where he did not take with him the spirit of adventure and the determination to enjoy it which alone will secure adventure. A vegetarian in France is bizarre, and both Mr. Davies and his travelling companion were vegetarians. In a country where meat in various guises is the staple of life, a vegetarian is the despair of the cook and a nine days' wonder to his fellow-diners. Here was one element of farcical adventure which had surprising consequences at the *tables d'hôte* of all the Lions d'Or and Hôtels d'Angleterre they encountered, no less than in the kitchens of the rural inns and the shops of the pastrycooks which they raided whenever they could find them. The pedestrian knapsack, with its necessary economy of costume, was another.

But the principal tributary to the stream of harmless and boyish pleasantry which meanders through the book was the high spirits of the author, who would be jocund under all circumstances. He found laughter in the most unpromising places. Mr. Davies is a rapid observer, with a knack of visualising his impressions in a lively way. He observed with humour the paramount position of the woman in the economy of Brittany. He observed the figures and the faces of the Bretonnes with an accuracy which might reasonably have been tinged with a little more gallantry. He observed (with some unnecessary acidity, I think) the position of the clergy. He observed the narrowness of the peasants' outlook upon the familiar phenomena of civilisation, but his glance was not intimate enough to perceive that there is another outlook of theirs over a prospect of which civilisation takes little account. He observed with sympathy and describes with infinite drollery the humours of the inn and the market-place and the street of the little town.

He enjoyed it all with such zest that his pleasure is

infectious. The white coif, the floating riband, the embroidered raiment of Yves and Ian and Paol (Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these), and the *sabots*, whose clatter in the sleepy morning he took for the marching of a regiment, all live gaily in his pages. The *sabot* is a perennial joy to the Englishman of the South, though I am told in the North, where they wear clogs, it is not considered to be in the least poetical. I, at any rate, never hear a blue-bloused youngster from the quays of Roscoff clacking his way through an English street with his strings of onions without thinking of the refrain:—

Toc, toc, toc, et don dondaine !
Ils étaient si blancs, si beaux,
Les petits sabots de frêne,
Les jolis petits sabots !

Some of Mr. Davies's humour is dragged in by the heels, and "Mr. Drusenheim" (who figures largely in the later chapters) has no more to do with Brittany than Julius Cæsar with the dock strike. But I forgive Mr. Davies all his discursions for the sake of one or two vivid chapters of real impressionism, such as the ineffably funny billiard match at Rostrenen. For the same reason let him be pardoned his irritating habit of using "individual" as a noun and repeating the offence four or five times on one page.

The book is adorned by some photographs taken by Mr. Davies himself. They are good enough in their way, but his selection of a street in Morlaix is rather unhappy: that marvellous old town has far finer things to show. And it was a pity to depict Brest in a rather tame view of the Rue de Siam. In the old quarter of Recouvrance, or in the neighbourhood of the Church of St. Pierre, there are many more interesting and more characteristic things.

R. A. J. WALLING

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WE are watching very closely the quarrel between the Government and the Labour men. Keir Hardie almost humbly asked the Government to send money to the East End to enable the strikers' wives and children, who were starving, to get bread, but Asquith was cold and treated the Labour Party roughly, even as Joseph did his brethren when they came to Egypt for corn.

Elibank, in spite of his cherubic smile, declares he won't give way. Hanley never was a Labour seat. Although the late Liberal member, at the request of his Union, joined the Labour Party, that did not make it one, and I am bound to say from his point of view I think he has right on his side.

The egregious MacCallum Scott brought in a Bill under the ten-minute rule to give Home Rule to England, Scotland and Wales as well as Ireland. A division was forced on the first reading, and after obtaining

a majority of 52 it will not be seen or heard of any more. He might just as well have added to his list the Scilly Isles. You cannot make laws at this rate. MacCallum Scott is typical of the present Radical—he is in a hurry to legislate; no matter how slipshod or inaccurate a Bill may be, make it a law so that we can place it to our credit—is their attitude.

The debate that clause 1 "stand part" of the Home Rule Bill was continued and the Unionists demanded to know what the Foreign Secretary and Winston meant, on the second reading, when they said that if Ulster really would not come in, an alternative would be found. What was it? Now was the time for its disclosure. Carson taunted the Government with the curious absence of the two Ministers, and Austen Chamberlain pressed the matter home. The Prime Minister replied with the closure, whilst the Unionists protested loudly. Ronald M'Neill, after the division, stood up and stormed against the intolerable insolence of the Prime Minister in acting as he had done. He refused to be comforted or to sit down. He was joined by Captain Craig, and both stood up in spite of the fact that the mild Mr. Whitley was also on his feet. This is a parliamentary offence of the deepest dye. Ronald M'Neill tried to move the adjournment and the row went on for quite five minutes.

Finally Bonar Law turned round and persuaded both his gigantic henchmen to resume their seats. James Craig distinctly intimated that it was only in deference to his leader he did so, and I fear that this is only the commencement of the storm. If the Radicals are going to use the gag when arguments fail, it will require all the patience and ingenuity of the Chairman of Committees to keep order.

On Thursday the Labour men gave way a bit. They still adhered to their determination to fight both seats, but there is not a word about withdrawing *all* their men during the contests; some may be away, of course, but that is a very different thing from their previous determination, and the general impression is that Elibank has once more triumphed.

The Chief Secretary caused a blaze of anger to spring up among the Unionists when he dared to say that "similar occurrences" to that of cutting the ears out of horses' skulls were to be found in England. He was challenged to prove his words and was glad to hide behind the Speaker's ruling that notice should be given of questions like that. Birrell is curiously contemptible at times.

In the evening we had a debate on the Army. Seely, chastened after his "victory" at the polls, had to defend his new position as Minister for War. I freely confess I do not, and I fear never shall, understand the question of the Army. When I was a small boy an old college friend of my father used to come to supper occasionally when he acted as *locum tenens* for our vicar. He was a most eloquent man, but in those days "Hell fire" was fashionable, and he used to terrify us and probably other members of the village congregation by describing the horrors of eternal damnation if we

were wicked; and yet in the evening, to our surprise and relief, he used to eat roast goose and apple sauce with relish. How *could* he do it, we thought! So it seems to me with the Army. Amery, George Wyndham, "Poley-Carey" and Mark Sykes, all declared the Army was in a rotten state; that most of the money now spent on it was wasted; that there was not a branch of it fit to take the field; and that we were short of guns, horses, men, officers—everything.

These men ought to know, if anyone does—and yet they can eat their dinners in the intervals between the debates on the Army. If what they say is true, those responsible at the Horse Guards ought to be shot—and the men who raise the question ought to raise the country against the Government—any Government—whom permitted such a state of things for an instant.

Seely flatly denied it all. Everything was right: we had a perfect expeditionary force, ready to do anything and go anywhere at a moment's notice. I tried to speak and inquire whether the fact is that our Army has dwindled to an expeditionary force, but could not catch the Chairman's eye.

Seely got out of giving details by pleading that secrecy was necessary, and went back on his own views expressed some years ago in favour of compulsory military service. He was not War Minister then, and now he says it is out of the range of practical politics until after the next war—an unheard-of proposition; the next great war may be our last, say the pessimists. I really wish I knew where the truth lies; it is not a party question, and both sides cannot be right.

The Government majority went down to 49.

Balbus evidently feared it was not all O.K. with the Army.

After 11, on the adjournment, Devlin, as a counterblast to the Hibernians' outrageous attack on school children, alleged that Mr. Clark was responsible for assaults upon Catholic workmen in his shipyard at Belfast, and quoted an interview with the Tory London *Evening News* in support of his statement.

On Friday T. W. Russell was under the harrow on account of the outbreak of that terrible scourge known as the foot and mouth disease. Although the outbreak had been traced to a place near Dublin, the Irish Agricultural Board knew nothing of it until their attention was called to it from England, and Willie Peel roundly charged the Vice-President with apathy and negligence. William O'Brien complained on the other hand, that the Vice-President had lost his head in bringing the whole cattle trade of the country to a standstill by stopping all exports. Russell replied vigorously. They had not had the disease in Ireland for 30 years, and, in spite of rigorous inspection, it was clear the disease had not manifested itself in the cattle until after they landed in England; he courted inquiry.

At five o'clock Charles Craig got up to give an absolute denial to Devlin's statement about Mr. Clark of Belfast, and that gentleman had to get up and admit he was wrong—he tried to ride away by saying if Mr. Clark was not responsible, the Ulster members were.

F. E. Smith wound up the incident by charging the pocket Demosthenes with deliberately making statements with no evidence to support them, and that if he had been a gentleman he would have done the right thing—apologised. Was this atmosphere, which had been created by the mere introduction of the Government's Home Rule Bill, the atmosphere to which the Government looked for the promise of that solution which was "to heal the wrongs and obliterate the injustice of centuries"? I think the Government Front Bench were glad there was no time to reply, for Big Ben boomed out the half-hour and members trooped out into the soft summer air—a relief from the highly-charged and vitiated air of the Chamber.

At question time on Monday the Premier, in answer to a series of questions, admitted that he was in favour of Lloyd George's proposed fresh attacks on land. He thought the Chancellor's statement "that the land is shackled in the chains of feudalism" was "a picturesque but not inaccurate statement of the case"; but he denied, in answer to a question from the Labour benches, that the Government was pledged to the policy of a single tax. The Labour men consider that they have won the first trick in controversy that their whips should move the writ for Hanley. It is purely a matter of etiquette and usage. The Liberals say it is a Liberal seat, but they shirked a wrangle on the subject on the floor of the House, to be followed possibly by a motion and a division, when all the Labour men would vote against the Government; so they sat silent and allowed Mr. Roberts to move the writ.

After this the second reading of the Franchise Bill came on. Harcourt, with oily smoothness and airy jests, made light of the Opposition. It was a "cooing" Opposition; even the Tories admitted that Registration wanted reforming and the Government took the opportunity to fulfil a pledge they had given for years, namely, to abolish plural voting. Pretymann replied. He had got up his case with his customary industry. He agreed that registration might be simplified, and he was in favour of simplification, but he denied that this Bill made things easier—on the contrary, it introduced fresh anomalies. It would be very costly, and it was bringing

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in a Reform Bill on a side wind. Redistribution was promised, but who could rely on the promise of a Government which had put a preamble to reform the House of Lords into the Parliament Bill and showed no signs of carrying it out? It was a Bill to jerrymander the electoral machine in the interests of one party. "I don't think any of God's creatures were ever more liberally endowed with the instincts of self-preservation than the present Government," said Pretymann, with bitter emphasis.

Harcourt had dealt briefly and contemptuously with the question of the women's vote, and Arthur Markham considered the Bill a further insult and humiliation to women. Stanley Wilson bluntly called the Prime Minister a coward for not tackling the women's question, and after some speeches by experts the debate was adjourned.

It is alleged—I really do not know with what truth—that it was the Little Englanders who stopped us all having a whole holiday on Tuesday to see the Fleet at Spithead. Like dogs in the manger, they did not want to see it themselves, so refused to allow the House to adjourn; 461 members, I am told, accepted the invitation, and 101 attended the House. About one-third of these were Unionists. People talk about the Irish being the champion obstructors, but give me the Tories if they are in the mood for it. They do it with an earnest skill that defies the criticism of the Chair or their opponents. The Government had produced a ponderous Bill to acquire three public sites, of which you have heard before. To-day (Tuesday) it reappeared in Committee and was debated, clause by clause, by "Peckham," Willie Peel, Alec Thynne, Bull, "Jix" (more properly known as Joynson-Hicks), Tullibardine, and half-a-dozen others, until 6 o'clock, when the Whips "came to an arrangement," which meant rising at 7.30.

This killed all sport, so I went home just as they commenced the Inebriates or the Feeble-minded Bill, I really do not know which. With great strength of mind I refrain from the obvious comment.

Notes and News

Mr. Murray is publishing immediately the work on railway nationalisation in working, by Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, entitled, "The State Railway Muddle in Australia"; also a new novel by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, "The Street of the Flute Player," and Captain Amundsen's book, "The Conquest of the South Pole," which has an introduction by Dr. Nansen.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish a new novel entitled "The Modern Market Place," by "Coronet" (the pseudonym of a well-known author). That the author is behind the scenes of modern political life is indicated by the fact that the work, although written before the present Labour unrest, foreshadows it, and suggests a scheme for curbing Trade Unionism.

In consequence of the death of Miss Rosa Morison, who had held the office of Lady Superintendent to

Women Students since 1883, the University College Committee has decided to appoint a Tutor to Women Students. Miss Winifred Smith, B.Sc., formerly 1851 Scholar, and a former student of the College, has been appointed to this office, upon the duties of which she will enter as from September next.

Among the most interesting productions of the coming autumn season will be the volume of reminiscences of the late Henry Labouchere, now in course of compilation by Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham ("Marmaduke" of *Truth*), which is to be published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons. Mr. Jerningham's long acquaintance with Labouchere, extending over nearly forty years, has qualified him exceptionally to write this book.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce a volume entitled "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III," translated from the French of Baron d'Ambes, by A. R. Allinson. This book is the private diary of a life-long and intimate friend of Louis Napoleon, and contains much that has hitherto been unpublished in English. They also will publish shortly "Cameos of Indian Crime," by Mr. H. J. Hervey, and a new novel by Miss Everett-Green.

Maunsel and Co., Ltd., of Dublin, and Oakley House, London, will publish immediately "Aspects of the Irish Question," by Sydney Brooks, the well-known writer on Irish affairs. After dealing with the past and present problems of the country the author treats of the new elements—The Farmer and the Future—The Irish Gentry—The Church and the Religious Issue—and concludes with a critical and exhaustive consideration of the Home Rule Bill.

The Catholic Record Society held its Eighth Annual Meeting on Tuesday last, at Archbishop's House, Westminster, and the chair was taken by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, E.M., K.G., who moved, as President of the Society, the adoption of the report—a highly interesting one, containing much information regarding the ground covered by the Society. Those present included the Very Rev. Canon Wyndham, the Very Rev. Prior Higgins, the Marquis de Ruigny, the Hon. Alex. Wilmot, Mr. R. T. Lomax, Mr. L. Lindsay, Mr. G. Engelbach, and Miss M. M. Calthorp. The Chairman, in his speech, emphasised the useful work done by the Society.

At Colston's Girls' School, Bristol, on Saturday last, the Ryland Library was formally opened by the Countess of Suffolk in the presence of the Lord Bishop of Bristol and the Governors of the School. The Library was bequeathed to the School in 1909 by the late C. J. Ryland, Esq., and it is now fittingly housed in a fine room occupying the whole of the top floor of the new wing of the School. Mr. Ryland was a real book-lover of wide interests, who confined his reading to no one special branch of learning, and his library is therefore of exceptional value. In the course of his speech the Bishop of Bristol, after remarking on the value to the girls of this great possession, drew attention to the important place taken in modern literature by the novel, and expressed the hope that the girls of the School would, like Mr. Ryland, choose the books which were both wholesome and interesting.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Summer Flower Show at Holland House, 1912

WAS it the pleasant memory of the International Horticultural Exhibition at Chelsea; was it the extreme congestion of the tents; or was it the weather which caused us to feel dissatisfaction at the Summer Flower Show at Holland House? Be the cause of our disappointment what it may, we feel constrained to raise yet one more protest against the utter folly and futility of cramming tents so full of flowers that the infinitesimal spaces left as passage ways afford none save the favoured few an opportunity of seeing and appreciating the floral beauties displayed. For our own part so wearied did we become by our repeated yet ineffectual attempts to catch a glimpse of the exhibits that at length we abandoned the quest in despair, bewailing the obsolete methods of arrangement employed, so vividly contrasted with those which rendered Chelsea such a haven of delight. After wandering for some time about the private grounds dejectedly, we found solace at last in a secluded spot of those spacious regions, where to our surprise and delight we suddenly came upon a moraine garden replete with the choicest of alpines, thoroughly at home and in thriving health.

With regard to the Show itself, the roses were exceptionally beautiful, chiefly conspicuous amongst them being the Lyon Rose, Juliet, and Rayon d'Or. The only novelty of any merit which we were able to discover was the Hybrid Tea Mrs. Charles S. Hunting; with the new Wichuriana Ethel we were little impressed. Perennials, as always at this Show, were almost overpowering in their magnificence. That queen of lady gardeners, Miss Wilmott, exhibited a superb new lily from China, named *Lilium Warleyeuse*. A special word of praise is due to the terrace garden of Messrs. Wallace, being, as it was, a model of careful design and execution. To every lover of alpines we commend most heartily the dainty little porcelain blue *Campanula* Miss Wilmott. It is of the pusilla section, quite dwarf, and flowers with almost incredible profusion.

Hokku

THE word "epigram" is no right word (and there's no right word at all) for "Hokku," the seventeen-syllable poem of Japan, just as overcoat is not the word for our *haori*. "That is good," I exclaimed in spite of myself, when I found this comparison to begin my article. We know that *haori* is more, or less, according to your attitude, than the overcoat of Western garb which rises and falls with practical service; when I say more, I mean that our Japanese *haori* is, unlike the Western overcoat, a piece of art, and besides, a symbol of rite, as its usefulness appears often when it means practically nothing. If I rightly understand the word "epigram," it is or at least looks to have one object,

like that overcoat of practical use, to express something, a Cathay of thought or not, before itself; its beauty, if it has any, is like that of a *netsuke* or *okimono* carved in ivory or wood, decorative at the best. But what our Hokku aims at is, like the *haori* of silk or crêpe, a usefulness of uselessness, not what it expresses, but how it expresses itself spiritually; its real value is not in its physical directness, but in its psychological indirectness. To use a simile, it is like a dew upon lotus leaves of green or under maple leaves of red, which, although it is nothing but a trifling drop of water, shines, glitters and sparkles now pearl-white, then amethyst-blue, again ruby-red, according to the time of day and situation; better still to say, this Hokku is like a spider-thread laden with the white summer dews, swaying among the branches of a tree like an often invisible ghost in air, on the perfect balance; that sway, indeed, not the thread itself, is the beauty of our seventeen-syllable poem.

I cannot forget Mrs. N. S., who came to see me at the poppy-covered mountain-side of California one morning, now almost seventeen years ago; what I cannot forget chiefly about that morning is her story that she made a roundabout way in entering into my garden, as the little proper path had been blocked by a spider-net thick with diamonds. I exclaimed then as I do often to-day: "Such a dear sweet soul (that could not dare break that silvery thread) would be the very soul who will appreciate our Hokku poem." What do you say, if there is one, suppose, who brings down the spider-net and attempts to hang it up in another place? Is it not exactly the case with a translator of Japanese poem, Hokku or *uta*, whatever it be? To use another expression, what would you say if somebody ventured to imitate with someone's fountain pen the Japanese picture drawn with the bamboo brush and incensed Indian ink? Is it not again the exact case with the translator like Mr. William N. Porter, in "A Year of Japanese Epigrams"?

We confess that we have shown, to speak rather bluntly, very little satisfaction even with the translations of Professor Chamberlain and the late Mr. Aston; when I say that I was perfectly amazed at Mr. Porter's audacity in his sense of curiosity, I hope that my words will never be taken as sarcasm. With due respect, I dare say that nearly all things of that book leave something to be desired for our Japanese mind, or, to say more true, have something too much that we do not find in the original. As a result they only weaken, confuse and trouble the real atmosphere; while perhaps it means certainly that the English mind is differently rooted from the Japanese mind, even in the matter of poetry, which is said to have no East or West. When I appear to expose unkindly Mr. Porter's defects (excuse my careless use of word) to the light, that is from my anxiety to make this Japanese poetry properly understood. To take a poem or two from his book at random:—

Uzumibi ya
Kabe ni wa kyaku (not kaku) no
Kage-boshi.

Basho

Mr. Porter translates it as follows:—

Alas! my fire is out,
And there's a shadow on the wall—
A visitor, no doubt.

I should like to know who would ever think of the above as poetry, even poor poetry, in his reading of it in one breath; what does "no doubt" (which the original hasn't) mean except that it rhymes with the first line; and the rhyme cheapens the poetry—at least, to the Japanese mind—from the reason of its English conventionality? The first line of the original is not "my fire is out"; on the contrary, it means that the fire, of course the charcoal fire, is buried under the ashes. The poem is a poem of winter night which becomes late, and when a charcoal fire, already small, grows still dearer as it is more cold without, perhaps windy; now the talk of the guest or visitor (lo! his sad lone shadow on the wall) and the master poet stops, then it starts again, like a little stream hidden under the grasses; and the desolation of the advanced night intensifies the sadness of the house, doubtless Basho An, whose small body is wrapped by a few large leaves of Basho's beloved banana tree in the garden. You must know, before you attempt to understand it, a few points of the poet's characteristics—above all, the way of his living and the general aspect of his house—I mean Basho An—the poetical poverty of which will be seen from the fact that he made a big hole in the wall to place a tiny Buddha statue, as he had no place to enshrine it. Not only this Basho's Hokkus, but nearly all the seventeen-syllable poems that were produced in the early age you will find difficult to understand when separated from the circumstances and background from which they were born, to use a simile, like a dew born out of the deepest heart of dawn.

It is not my purpose here to criticise and examine Mr. Porter's translation to satisfy my fastidious heart of minuteness-loving; let it suffice to say that the Hokku is not a poetry to be rightly appreciated by people in the West who lie by the comfortable fire in winter, or under an electric fan in summer, because it was originally written beside a paper shoji door or upon the straw mats. We have a saying, "Better to leave the *renge* flowers in their old wild plain"; it suggests quite many things, but what it impresses on me most is that you should admire things, flowers or pictures or what not, in their own proper place. To translate Hokku or any other Japanese poem into English rarely does justice to the original; it is a thankless task at the best. I myself was a Hokku student since I was fifteen or sixteen years old; during many years of my Western life, now amid the California forest, then by the skyscrapers of New York, again in the London 'bus, I often tried to translate the Hokkus of our old masters, but I gave up my hope when I had written the following in English:—

My love's lengthened hair
Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate:
Lo, Evening's shadow!

It was in London—to say more particularly, Hyde Park—that I wrote the above Hokku in English, where I walked slowly, my mind being filled with the thought of the long hair of Rossetti's woman, as I, perhaps, had visited Tate's Gallery that afternoon; pray, believe me when I say the dusk that descended from the sky swung like that lengthened hair. I exclaimed then: "What use to try the impossibility in translation, when I have a moment to feel a Hokku feeling and write about it in English?" Although I had only a few such moments in the past, my decision not to translate Hokku into English is unchanged. Let me wait patiently for a moment to come when I become a Hokku poet in my beloved English.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

AS in the case of the Potsdam interview the recent conversations at Port Baltic give rise to a wealth of speculation. In one breath, as it were, an expectant world was informed that the speedy cessation of Turco-Italian hostilities might be looked for as the immediate result of the Imperial meeting; that an arrangement satisfactory to Germany on the question of Russian naval policy would be concluded; and, above all, that the latter Power would be torn from the embrace of France and England. A host of Machiavellian designs were attributed to Germany, while of Russia we were asked to believe something in the nature of calm and calculated perfidy as an alternative to the stupidity of the dupe.

Although to the calm reasoner no justification existed for such rash prophecy, a certain section of the German Press undoubtedly lent colour to the theory that political events of high moment might be expected to result from the meeting of the two Emperors. In strange contrast to the elation expressed in the Berlin newspapers and elsewhere it was noteworthy that the inspired organs of public opinion in Russia remained calmly indifferent, while official utterances from both countries declared in no uncertain language that the occasion was to bear no significance that would be likely to disturb the tranquillity of Europe. Now that the *Standard* and the *Hohenzollern* have parted company we are able to review placidly the net result of the exchange of ideas which took place. And here it is of interest to recall that in spite of the pessimists, who, as on the more recent occasion, prophesied a complete diplomatic victory for Germany, one of the concrete results of the Potsdam interview was Germany's inferential recognition, for the first time, of the special position held by Great Britain in Southern Persia.

On the Baltic, history has merely repeated itself. For, once more, the German people, through their august master, have made an important concession to the political demands of the day. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to the international require-

ments than the clause in the official *communiqué*, sanctioned by both Monarchs, which stated that "there could be no question of new agreements because there was no particular occasion for them, or of producing alterations of any kind in the grouping of the European Powers, the value of which for the maintenance of equilibrium and of peace has already been proved." Thus at one stroke of the pen we find established the political sanity of Germany and the political fidelity of Russia in relation to a compact—the Triple Entente—which has long been the bugbear of England's enemies.

It has become increasingly evident of late that a school of opinion in this country, long dormant, is again showing signs of an awakened articulation. When, in the early years of his reign, King Edward paid a series of momentous visits to the heads of certain European States, the fruit of which to-day is found in the existence of the Triple Entente, there were not wanting critics who deplored anything in the nature of close relations either with our nearest neighbour, France, or our traditional foe, Russia; but owing to the unquestionable effectiveness, as a counterpoise to the militant Triple Alliance, of the compact concluded between our erstwhile enemies and ourselves, years passed during which few dared challenge the fundamental soundness of Great Britain's foreign policy. Latterly, however, as I have implied, the old-style pessimists have once more raised their voices with the object of proving that by joining hands with France and Russia, and thereby, so they would infer, trailing the coat before Germany, we have embarked upon a suicidal course.

Doubtless such forebodings would never have been uttered had we not seen the coincident happening of the Teutonic assertion and the development of the Dreadnought era. But even allowing, on these grounds, the fullest justification for the fears expressed, we find a singular lacking in the realisation of actualities in the manner of their expression. For example, we are told that our entente with France is an altogether unholy affair by reason of the fact [*sic*] of her national degeneration. Whatever may be the truth in regard to other members of the Latin family, could anything be more grotesque than such an assertion applied to modern France? Apart from indications which of recent years have called forth world-wide comment, we need no stronger argument in favour of the splendid vitality which characterises the Republic than that her next-door neighbour, one of the greatest nations the world has seen, although hungering for expansion, deems it expedient to respect the amenities of frontiers.

As a matter of fact the individual and communalistic activities of France to-day strike a note in human effort to which only the more glorious pages of history can sound a reminiscent echo. Similar inaccuracy governs the contention that by cultivating friendly relations with Russia we have contracted a ruinous mesalliance, the supposition being that what we are pleased to term the corruption of a governmental bureaucracy passing through the inevitable stages of a great national transition is so deep-seated as to affect the social life of the

community. Here, again, the critics betray a lamentable want of knowledge. Nowhere in this world is to be found so God-fearing, industrious, and altogether lovable a people as in Russia, and it is statesmanship of the highest order that, estimating rightly the potentialities of such a race, enters into close relations with its Government. If the critics whose prescience shows them the nightmare of Canadian absorption would but turn their attention to the process of revitalisation which is taking place among the teeming millions of Asia, they would realise that the interests of the British Empire as a whole can best be served by the observance of a continuity of the policy which found its first and most distinguished exponent in King Edward.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS remains dull. The investor is placing out his dividends, but the speculator declines to gamble, for he is tired; he has lost his money in oil, in tin, in Marconis. When he has recovered his financial equilibrium he will gamble again, for he cannot stop himself. Punting is a disease like drinking, and possibly subject to the same laws of ebb and flow.

Schroeders offered a very sound and cheap investment in the Valparaiso Waterboard Bonds, guaranteed by the Chilean Government. The lists closed almost as soon as they were opened.

The Orchestrelle issue of Preference shares was also a sound industrial venture. The Ceara Tramway, Light and Power Bond was not particularly cheap. It is clear that to-day the investor wants high interest on his money. Nothing goes unless it offers over 5 per cent. Most of the ventures that have been put before the public do not attract. The fashion appears to be turning towards Russia. The Sissert Company is a fair copper speculation on the same lines as Kyshtim. The Russian General Oil Corporation appears to have been formed as a relief fund for Messrs. G. M. Lianosoff et Fils of Baku. I hear that this firm managed to interest various banking groups in St. Petersburg, and they floated the Russian General with the idea of unloading their holdings.

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I am afraid that Baku as an oilfield has seen its best days, and I strongly warn my readers against buying the shares at their present premium. Another big Russian company with a capital of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions is coming out, and will purchase the Stachyeff properties in the Ural Caspian district. This company has also been buying Ural Caspian shares on the London market.

The Canadian and General Trust is circularising with the idea of placing £200,000 of shares in the British and General Debenture Trust. They offer to purchase option certificates in this trust at 2s. 6d. each for cash. Some of the methods of these Canadian share-pushers are certainly peculiar.

I wrote a short criticism on the Shamva Mine in my new paper, *The Stockbroker*. It was replied to by Mr. G. R. Bonnard, of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, and the financial papers have taken the matter up. It is of great importance to those who purchased Shamvas at £3½ to £4 each, for if my criticism is correct the shares are not worth 10s. Mr. Bonnard takes the working costs at between 8s. and 9s. I am not aware that any mine works at these costs except the great Alaska properties. The Wanderer professes that it does, but as the Wanderer has reconstructed once, and has only just succeeded in paying off its debit balance, its working costs are not of great importance. Working costs, if you put large quantities of unpayable ore through the mill, can be reduced to a ridiculously low figure. The question is, can you pay dividends by reducing working costs in this way? Shamva is hardly likely to get down below 19s. or 20s., in spite of its adit levels. Penhalonga works with adit levels, and its working costs are nearly 21s. Mr. Bonnard adds £250,000 to the assumed profit per year on the ground that the trial milling result is 20 per cent. better than the assay result. This only proves how unreliable both assays and trial millings are, and in spite of Mr. Bonnard's optimism I am compelled to assume that his argument goes to prove my point, namely, that all the calculations with regard to Shamva are mere guesswork. If the assays are wrong in one way they may be wrong in another.

MONEY AND CONSOLS.—Although money is cheap and may be cheaper, Consols droop. The story goes that we shall be at war with Germany in three months; hence the slump. I need hardly contradict such a silly rumour, but it has been put about the City very industriously. I think the price of both Consols and Irish land stock much too low, and I advise wealthy people to buy and lock up.

FOREIGNERS.—China is obdurate, and the Chinaman declines to bind himself to borrow sixty millions. In the meantime he is being financed by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, who are getting rather sick of the process, and want the loan issued in order to replace rather unmarketable treasury bills with solid bonds. The Sino Belge, however, are quite willing to go on taking the treasury bills, and the competition between the two groups amuses John Chinaman—and benefits him. Tintos have been flat on the "bear" attack upon Copper, which appears to have been cleverly arranged and in a sense successful. We shall see, however, how far it has succeeded when the "bears" begin to buy back the stock they have sold.

HOME RAILS.—Home Rails remain dull. Why, I cannot conceive, except that it is to the interest of nobody to put them up. Those who want to buy them would like to see a fall, and those who stand in the House all day and sell Home Railways have already sold more than they possess, therefore they are not really sellers but buyers. All the leading lines give us 5 per cent. on our money, and investors should certainly purchase. They are buying gilt-edged stocks fat with dividend. What does it matter if the dividend be reduced $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; that is neither here nor there. The price is so low that the reduction is of

no moment. It only means about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the whole year.

YANKEES.—It appears that the tone in Wall Street is changing, and the bankers who last week were rather inclined to be optimistic are to-day saying that the "bulls" will have to be shaken out. Evidently they are making preparations for an autumn boom, and want to get cheap stock. The Copper people in New York laugh at the way London sells copper. The price here is much lower than in New York. This is, of course, due to the fact that we deal here in standard copper, whereas in the United States the whole market is in electrolytic, which is now quoted 17½ cents. I think that the copper position is remarkably strong. All the statistics are in favour of a big rise. I therefore expect a considerable reaction. Anaconda should certainly rise in spite of the attacks, for this mine now produces at 9½ cents a pound.

RUBBER.—The report of the great Lampard Trust is now issued, and shows that the company was quite unable to get rid of its large stock of paper. As it has various other schemes on hand, all of which will require large sums of money to be spent on them, and as it has big amounts to pay in calls on companies already floated but whose shares it had to take, it looks to me as though it would have to call up its unpaid capital. Mr. Lampard has taken on too much. The markets have been against him, and unless a boom in rubber comes along, the shareholders will find their dividends dwindle. The Bukit Rajah report is excellent, and the shares are cheap; they yield 13 per cent. Any good rubber company is worth buying into when the yield is 12 per cent. or over. What I object to is a company whose shares only yield 5 or 7½. This is not enough for a plantation, where the risk is very great. The reduction in the Linggi dividend was expected. The estate is a good one, but as the price may fall lower, it is not worth while buying to-day.

OILS.—Urals have been moved up and down in a very lively fashion. It is said that the big Russian companies formed or going to be formed have been buying. There is tremendous excitement in the Ural district, and Nobels have sent down vast quantities of machinery and pipelines, iron tanks, and all the appurtenances of an enormous oil field, so they are quite sure that the field will be a big one. The present price of oil plots on the Ural Caspian is £1,000 a plot, spot cash in Baku. But they can be bought a little cheaper in London. Tweedy has big schemes on hand for his Maikop Pipeline, and most of the oil promoters are up to their neck in Taman, which they say will be a big oilfield. If there is going to be an autumn boom in anything it will be in oil—probably Russian oil. The price is 35 copecks in Baku, but this is a fancy price, and not likely to hold.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—The market is dead, and nothing is likely to be done until the autumn. If City Deeps fall any lower they should be bought, for the talk of faulty titles is mere nonsense. The mine is a good one, but not particularly well managed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi meeting went off very well, but the shares did not respond. There is still a big "bull" account. It seems now quite certain that the British India issue of capital was to acquire the holdings of the late Mr. Keswick in the Indo-China. I advised a purchase of Indo-China shares some time ago; they will go to par. Waring debentures should be purchased, as the scheme now in hand will go through.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

THE SISSERT COMPANY.

The Sissert Company has been well known in Russia for many years under the title of the Sussertski District Mining Company. It has now been purchased by an English Company, the chairman of which is Sir James Dale, the well-known ironmaster. The Sissert estates occupy an area of over 340,000 acres, and are covered with forests, from whence is obtained some of the best

timber in the Urals. There are also copper, gold, and iron mines, platinum and other mineral sources. The copper mines have been worked since 1727, and from that date until 1870 produced about 28,500 tons. The new company proposes to work the old dumps and slags, and from these a very large profit is expected. The copper dumps alone appear to have £243,300 profit in sight, and the old slags are estimated to contain enough copper to give £144,000 profit. In 1906 a new copper mine was opened up, which until July, 1910, produced 2,232 tons of copper. This mine has been carefully examined on many occasions by the well-known engineer Dr. Simon, who estimates that the proved and probable ore in the mine should yield a net profit of £758,000. There are about 40 iron mines in the Sissert estate, and large iron works, which it is intended to remodel. They are expected to yield a profit of at least £15,000 for the current year. The estimated profits for 1912 should amount to £75,000, as the enterprise is now making about £6,000 a month. The company will have a total cash working capital of £215,000, and it is proposed to improve the methods of production and spend large sums upon development. By this means the profits will be increased in 1913 to £102,000, and in 1914 to £260,000. This should enable the board to pay a dividend for 1912 of at least 10 per cent., and in succeeding years largely increase the distribution. In considering the prospects of Russian copper properties it should not be forgotten that the Russian Government puts an import duty on copper of £33 per ton; therefore the present price at which the Sissert Company is selling its "best selected" copper is £98 per ton. There are large deposits of iron pyrites which are in ready demand. These deposits amount to approximately 2,000,000 tons, and will ultimately realise a profit of £650,000. Gold was discovered at Sissert in 1840, and has been worked on a royalty system by small contractors, who have already produced about 504,000 ounces. There are evidently immense possibilities in the future of this company.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

At the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the above Company the Chairman announced that the accumulated funds and reserves, together with the paid-up capital, amounted to £625,301 11s. 6d., as compared with £580,598 2s. at the close of 1910, an achievement, considering the labour unrest throughout the country, of which any company in similar circumstances may be justly proud. For the disturbance of the labour market not only causes people to hesitate in taking out policies, but places many already assured in such an embarrassing financial position that they are often unable to continue their policies, and are therefore induced to apply for surrender values. This notwithstanding, the new assurances during the past year exceeded in face value £1,000,000, which amount included 4,088 proposals for "Ideal" policies assuring £256,695 os. 2d., with annual premiums thereon of £11,768 19s., as against 3,472 proposals with a premium income of £10,086 for the previous year, which tends to show that these policies continue to grow in public favour. The recently founded industrial branch, the Chairman informed the meeting, is making fair progress, and its success up to date is encouraging. As was to be expected, this department has suffered in consequence of the labour troubles more acutely than has the ordinary branch. With the view of minimising, as far as possible, the loss sustained by policy-holders, in consequence of their policies lapsing through non-payment of premiums, the directors have favourably considered every application made for reinstatement in respect of policies lapsed in consequence of strikes, lock-outs, etc., crediting the premiums paid, and granting full immediate benefit in respect of all policies that were in full benefit prior to lapsing. This concession has, no doubt, been greatly appreciated

by those concerned. Some idea of the usefulness of this branch is conveyed by the number of claims, and the amount paid in respect of them during the year 1911. These claims numbered 928, representing the sum of £6,695 15s. 3d., figures which bear eloquent testimony to the assistance rendered to members in the hour of need. During the period under review 332 advances were made to members, representing the sum of £104,354, and making a grand total advanced since the formation of the company of £1,491,004. Some two years ago the directors discontinued the issue of what were known as Endowment House Purchase Certificates, which up to that time constituted the major part of the Company's business. In response to urgent requests from the staff and others, however, the directors have prepared a new prospectus, combining House Purchase with Life Assurance, embracing the best features of the discontinued certificate, but from which are eliminated those features which were thought to be objectionable. In conjunction with other industrial offices, the Company has formed the National Amalgamated Approved Society to meet the requirements of the National Insurance Act, now on the eve of coming into force. The investments of the company are yielding a rate of interest in excess of that assumed in the actuarial valuation, and a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. upon the preferred shares for 1911 was declared at the meeting, and approved.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I offer a few comments on the letters in your issue of June 29th? Mr. Immo Allen is surely quite wrong in imputing to us as a community qualities which we plainly do not possess. He says, "It is obvious that Great Britain is determined to thwart Germany's designs for expansion," and he speaks of friends on "whom we rely to help us." Now what is obvious surely is that Great Britain is not determined to do anything, and that being the case, there can be no question of reliance on friends to help us. Determination to do anything would imply willingness—nay, eagerness—to take some steps towards being able to do it. What percentage of the people of Great Britain—of our rulers in Parliament—know or care what Germany's designs are, or even grant the possibility of her having any designs? We have no designs ourselves, and we don't want to be bothered with any alarmist talk about other people's designs. It is far less trouble to assume that Germany has no designs and no national policy; that she is inhabited and governed by the same sort of people as ourselves; that she is building her fleet for fun—as a big toy to play with—a luxury, in fact. Then we can go on occupying our minds—or at any rate our tongues—with the things that really matter.

Mr. Allen asks: "Why not aid Germany in the acquisition of territory in South America?" A truly revolutionary idea. Does Mr. Allen realise what this would mean? It would mean having a foreign policy—thinking about things—forming an intelligent conception of our position in the world, and of the means of maintaining it. Anything more un-English can hardly be imagined. Besides, we should have to turn our backs on an old and trusted friend, one of the venerable catchwords which we have cherished for generations past as a substitute for a national policy. Has not one of your contemporaries lately pointed out—apparently as a reason for refusing to doubt its eternal validity—that the original impulse to the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine was given by an English statesman? And Mr. Allen suggests that now—less than one hundred years after its formation—we should already begin to inquire whether its maintenance is to our interest!

Of the letter signed "T. McL.," one sentence is specially to be commended to those who believe that Germany's desire to strengthen her economic position is an offence against international morality. "England is the only nation standing in Germany's way." The United States should, of course, be bracketed with England in this respect. In extenuation of our attitude—if extenuation be the right word—"T. McL." should have pointed out that there are two peoples in the modern world to whom it seems quite right and proper to earmark for your own benefit whole continents of which you have no need and make no use, in the development and defence of which you make no sacrifices, and then if anybody throws doubt on your exclusive rights to feel and express righteous horror on the ground that at such and such a date you said that you would like such and such parts of the earth reserved in case it might ever suit you to make use of them. No non-Anglo-Saxon country allows to the Monroe Doctrine any value whatever except as a declaration of intention on the part of its upholders; no country outside of England has ever claimed the right which England claims to-day with regard to Holland, the right to dictate to two independent nations, neither of them touching her borders, whether they shall or shall not make such arrangements between themselves as may suit them. Lord Courtney of Penwith, in the *Contemporary Review* of November, 1909, assumes that it is quite an open question whether and under what conditions England would claim the right to veto a friendly arrangement by which Holland might become part of the German Empire. "Such a union . . . could not be resented by us, except through motives of jealousy. But . . . it would have to be established under conditions very different from those that now prevail. It may be dismissed as outside the sphere of practical politics"! In so far as these apparently conflicting utterances can be said to have a meaning, they express the typical attitude of the superior Englishman towards foreign nations. "Be good little boys and do as you are told; when you grow up (and reach the heights of political wisdom from which the modern English doctrinaire surveys mankind), then we will see how far you may be allowed to manage your own affairs." And Lord Courtney is a pacifist, an advocate of peace and good-fellowship among nations, and no doubt believes that utterances of this sort are likely to make foreigners feel friendly towards England.

The pacifist is of all men the least easy to understand in this matter. Men who believe that war with Germany is inevitable, or who believe that war could only be averted by concessions on our side which would be fatal to our interests, are naturally not inclined to spend their time in devising means of coming to terms with Germany. The pacifists are in quite a different position. In their ranks there are doubtless many men—members of Parliament, men to whom the country would give a hearing—who believe, as I do, that war is not inevitable, that it could be averted by concessions on our part which we could afford to make. What practical suggestion has ever been made by any of them, in or out of Parliament, towards lessening the danger of war? They have said till we are sick of hearing it that they do not want war—just as if there were anybody in the country who did; and they seem to think, curiously enough, that they have thereby discharged their whole duty. In 1876-7 their spiritual ancestors took—fortunately for the world—an entirely different view of their duty; they forced the question on the attention of the country, not in the shape of abstract platitudes with which everybody agrees, but as a concrete proposition. Is it to England's interest, is it in accordance with morality, that England should fight on this or that specific issue? And the result was that war was averted. The modern pacifist has, as far as the public can judge, never even begun to try to find out what the specific issues are which divide Germany and Great Britain; he assumes, as far as we can judge from his

utterances, that the Germans are straining every nerve to make their naval power equal to ours without having in their mind any definite idea of why or with what purpose; he assumes, that is to say, that the Germans are as feckless as we are; which is certainly a mistake, and in all probability a very disastrous one.

In your editorial note to the letter of "T. McL." you say, "It is quite easy to demonstrate to Germany that she cannot possibly succeed," meaning no doubt that, if we were willing to spend the money and able to find or create the men, we could increase our naval strength to such an extent as to make competition with us impossible; my conviction, held with equal intensity, is that if we had among us a few men able and willing to mobilise public opinion we could do away with the antagonism between Germany and ourselves, and so pave the way to a lasting friendship between the two countries; just as the men of 1876, who not only did not want war, but were willing to get down into the street in order to avert it, were able to pave the way to what we all hope is a lasting friendship between Russia and ourselves.

Of the letters in your issue of July 6th it is fortunately not necessary to say much. "Wm. H.," though he happens to be on the right side, is not a very promising ally. Pharisaic references to "decaying" and "corrupt" nations are entirely out of place in a discussion of foreign policy. The delusion that friendship with one nation implies hostility to another has done quite enough harm in the past; and we are not likely to get on to the right track until we realise (1) that what really matters to us is the safeguarding of our own interests, not insistence on our real or supposed superiority to other people, and (2) that in order to avoid war it is necessary not only to get on to the right track and stick to it ourselves, but to see that other people who have it in their power to drag us into war follow our example. The letter of "R. J. Turner" contains the gist of Mr. Norman Angell's teaching in a nutshell: they both belong to the well-meaning and evil-doing group of purveyors of soothing syrup. The considerations which "R. J. Turner" adduces have not prevented war in the past, and are not likely to do so in the future; but "let us sit still and drift" is unfortunately a very popular cry. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

T. G. MARTIN.

THE GERMAN PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Turner is quick to arrive at conclusions, conclusions that not only betray ignorance of actual facts but show lack of considered judgment.

I am not aware that I stated the Hamburg-Amerika and N.D.L. Companies had any ships "laid-up," so the query of what the directors of those companies are thinking about needs no answer. The statement was: "There was always sufficient tonnage laying in the German ports to convey an army of 250,000 men," not that ships were kept laid up solely for that purpose. To prove that assertion, I recommend Mr. Turner to inquire as to the amount of first-class tonnage lying in the Rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems. He will find that on these rivers there is at all times more than sufficient vessels capable of being put to sea in a few hours. Mr. Turner must also remember that these vessels would not require the special fittings of a troop-ship for so short a sea passage as that between our coasts and Germany. These vessels are entering and leaving port every day, engaged in the making of profits, but while in the German ports spoken of are always available for the conveyance of troops and munitions of war.

I agree that the German nation is quite aware that the pressing of the button of war may mean ruin to them if unsuccessful, but the responsible statesmen of the German Empire are much too astute to press that button until they are assured of success. Therefore, until that moment, they will be careful to conceal the sharp claw within the

velvet paw, which is but a weapon to be used in order to hasten the day when they can demand concessions so great that the granting of them will be humiliating to this great Empire, and the refusing of them will mean a war, ruinous and suicidal because of our unpreparedness.

Let the responsible statesmen of both countries find "a way out," but see to it that our statesmen have behind them an efficient navy well manned—not 20,000 men short as at present—and an army that is well armed, well trained, and of number so great as to embrace every able-bodied man between the ages of 18 and 50. Then, and not till then, can we hope that our statesmen will be able to find "a way out" that will be consistent with the dignity and honour of our flag. To be deluded by the articles appearing in the *Nord und Sud* is what Germany wants, and is to submit to "having your leg pulled" till Germany, "the leg puller," is ready to back up her demands by the power and might to enforce them.

By all means let us extend a warm welcome to Germany's distinguished Ambassador, but let us also see to it that we are at all times prepared to maintain peace by being always "prepared to wage war successfully against the strongest nation or combination of nations." Then we will assist Germany's distinguished Ambassador in his work of maintaining peace and the greatly to be desired avoidance of any rupture between his country and ours.

In this country it has become the fashion to refuse to look and to see the danger our national existence is in. Popularity is obtained by going with the crowd, by promising everyone something for nothing, by refraining from anything so unpleasant as to remind the people that they have duties to perform as well as benefits to obtain. It has become the custom to retain popularity by saying, "All is well!" Germany counts upon this, Europe knows it; we alone are blind. I trust that Mr. Turner is among those "who see."

THOMAS MCLEOD.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Also and Perhaps.* By Sir Frank Swettenham. Illustrated. (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Art of Golf.* By Joshua Taylor. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Call of the Bugle.* By the Rev. Walter E. Bristow, M.A. Illustrated. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)
- Merrie England: A Pageant of Progress.* By Kate Murray. (Co-Partnership Publishers. 6d. net.)
- Perse Playbooks: No. I—Dramatic Work by the Boys of the Perse School, Cambridge.* With a Foreword by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse and an Essay on "The Teaching of Drama." (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 1s. net.)
- The Ridge of the White Waters ("Witwatersrand"), or Impressions of a Visit to Johannesburg, with some notes of Durban, Delagoa Bay, and the Low Country.* By William Charles Scully. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)
- The Beyond that is Within, and Other Addresses.* By Emile Boutroux, Member of the French Institute. Translated by Jonathan Nield. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Baskish Verb: A Parsing Synopsis of the 788 Forms of the Verb in St. Luke's Gospel, from Leicarraga's New Testament of the Year 1571.* By E. S. Dodgson, M.A. (Henry Frowde. 10s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law:—Vol. 46, No. 4. A Hoosier Village.* By N. L. Sims, Ph.D. (6s.) Vol. 47, No. 1. *The Politics of Michigan, 1865-1878.* By H. M. Dilla, Ph.D. (8s.) Vol. 47,

- No. 2. *The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff.* By R. G. Blakey. (8s.) Vol. 48, No. 1. *An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages: Isidore of Seville.* By Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D. (8s.) (P. S. King and Son.)

- A Little Book about Lake House.* Compiled by Catharine Lovibond. (Brown and Co., Salisbury. 1s.)
- Ireland Under the Normans: 1169-1216.* By Goddard Henry Orpen. 2 Vols., with Map. (Henry Frowde. 21s. net.)
- Mary Wakefield.* A Memoir by Rosa Newmarch. (Atkinson and Pollitt, Kendal. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Mystery of Francis Bacon.* By William T. Smedley. Illustrated. (Robert Banks and Son. 6s. net.)
- A History of the European Nations from the Earliest Records to the Beginning of the Twentieth Century.* By Angelo S. Rappoport. (Greening and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- Grit Lawless.* By F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Waster.* By Mrs. Henry Tippet. (John Long. 6s.)
- The Ordeal of Silence.* By a Peer. (John Long. 6s.)
- Picture Tales from Welsh Hills.* By Bertha Thomas. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lady Dorothy's Indiscretion.* By Arthur Applin. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)
- The Ban.* By Lester Lurgan. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Bright Shame.* By Keighley Snowden. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Wings of Love.* By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
- Sable and Motley.* By Stephen Andrew. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

- The Odes of Horace (Books I-IV and the Saecular Hymn).* Translated into English Verse by W. S. Morris, I.C.S. (Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Horatii Carmina.* Translated into Greek Verse for the First Time by Paneymolpos. No. I. (Parnassus Press. 2s. 6d.)
- Larmes et Sourires.* By Sir Jean George Tollemache Sinclair. Illustrated. (Privately Printed for the Author by MM. Chaix and Co., Paris.)
- Silhouettes in Song.* By Philip Henry Fish. (George Routledge and Sons. 3s. net.)
- The Blue Communion.* By R. A. Eric Shepherd. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

- "Personal and Parochial": Being Notes of Addresses on the Seven Deadly Sins, and Letters on Parish Work. By the late Bishop King. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Local Government Handbook on Education.* By H. Osman Newland. (Charles Griffin and Co. 6s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- The Bibelot; The Vineyard; Cambridge University Reporter; University Correspondent; School World; Book Monthly; La Revue; Deutsche Rundschau; English Review; African Times and Orient Review; Ulula; Modern Language Teaching; Peru To-Day; Harper's Magazine; Bird Notes and News; Mercure de France; Home Counties Magazine; Land Union Journal; Empire Review; N.R.A. Journal; Matriculation Directory; Bookseller; The Author; Century Magazine; Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement; Publishers' Circular; Wednesday Review; Trichinopoly; Poetry Review; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Scottish Historical Review; Bedrock; Garden Suburbs, Villages, and Homes; Atlantic Monthly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.*

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